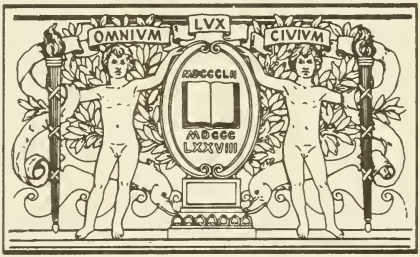

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HERLUF TROLLE-STEENSTRUP.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN DENMARK

A Chronicle of Happy Days

By

H. TROLLE-STEENSTRUP

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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When I Was a Boy In Denmark

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Printed in U. S. A.

Norwood Press
BERWICK & SMITH CO.
Norwood, Mass.

To my brother and all those who
were boys in the
Copenhagen of the "Nineties,"
I dedicate this book

BY WAY OF PREFACE

THE task set before me has been an easy one. Such myriads of memories were cropping up while writing that the work became chiefly one of omitting; restricting the reminiscences within the limit of a small book.

I have given names and dates in such profusion that the veracity of the events narrated may be checked up by some of the boys and men who figure in these memories, for not only do I hope, but I am certain that this book will be read by some of those old fellows.

Now, boys, let me take you by the hand and lead you across the gulf of time and space; let me try to convince you that one need not go to Malacca or Rosario to see strange things and have strange experiences. And let me show you that there are more things in the little kingdom between the North Sea and the Baltic than are taught in your geography.

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The King of Denmark.
Presented to the Author by His Majesty, Christian X.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN DENMARK

CHAPTER I

AGAPE

Two small boys, about five and six years of age, stood shivering in the gray dawn of an autumn day, waiting for the street-car to come out from the barn at the farthest end of Nörrebro, a suburb of Copenhagen. On their heads the boys wore some very conspicuous caps, one a red one, the other a blue one—large, flat, circular caps, shaped like a pancake. On the top of each cap there was a woven picture of the Eiffel Tower.

The two boys were my brother Henry and I, and the astounding headgear had been brought back from Paris by my father who had visited the great exhibition of 1889. The Eiffel Tower caught our fancy, and from the information we gleaned from Fa-

ther, we were both seized with such a desire to see the world, that, unable to resist any longer, we had sneaked out before sunrise, determined to make straight for Paris.

We were on good terms with the carmen, living, as we did, close to the barn in which we used to play hide-and-seek on rainy days, and so it caused no suspicion to the conductor or to the driver as we mounted the car, paying our fare with a "Femöre," a huge copper coin still in use in Scandinavia.

It was in the days of the horse-cars, and this particular line, called Forstädernes Sporveje (Suburban-Line), was trafficked by a queer-looking type of car. It was a yellow, two-storied affair, drawn by two well-fed snorting horses. The driver sat on a sort of swivel-stool, cracking his long whip, and every now and then ringing the bell which was manipulated somewhat like a gramophone-handle, serving as a brake as well, and all the while the wheels would squeak in an ear-splitting manner at each curve in the tracks. A winding stair led to the upper story, which was unprotected by

windows, and where we boys would mostly choose to sit because of the view from the height and the thrill of ascending the stairs while the car was in motion. This day, however, we chose to sit inside, partly because of the chilliness and mainly because we expected to swell our travelling funds by digging for lost pennies in the crevices of the wooden-barred floor.

I still remember that old car distinctly; its two long benches along the row of windows, covered with plush of a dreary brownish hue, the wooden-barred floor, strewn with torn-off tickets, the dangling straps, which were only intended for the sitting passengers, the company allowing no straphangers inside, the little sleepy oil-lamp and the drowsy conductor who stood absent-mindedly fingering with his ticket-drum, a small cylindrical nickel affair which dangled across his waist and from which he tore the thin, red-paper tickets, which the passengers, after having paid their fare, tore up in small bits to scatter like confetti over the floor.

The car wound its way at snail-pace along the interminable Nörrebro, past the long white wall of the Assistens-Kirkegaard,—the greatest cemetery in Old-Copenhagen, and its Père Lachaise—and out on the magnificent Dronning Louise Bro (Queen Louise Bridge) which spans one of the beautiful lakes that divides parts of the city like a broad river.

We sat with our noses pressed flat against the windows, filled with wonderment and a sweet, indescribable longing. Not the faintest thought did we give to our parents. They would not miss us, and somehow or other we planned to let them know of our whereabouts when safely arrived at Paris. It was only Peter we felt sorry to leave; Peter with the surname Trofast (Faithful).

My parents had at that time three dogs: Peter, a big, ugly-looking mongrel; Kvik, my mother's lap-dog; and Pylle, which was specially attached to us. Of these three, Peter was our favorite, our real heart-friend. Ugly he certainly was, rusty-colored and clumsy, and then he would show his teeth

QUEEN LOUISE BRIDGE.

One of the bridges which span the fresh-water lakes in the middle of Copenhagen. Across this bridge the tramway took the author and his brother on their attempted journey to Paris.

when laughing instead of wagging his tail as other dogs are wont to do, though he would never bite or do any kind of harm; but in spite of this he was the most faithful dog I have ever heard of, nay, so affectionate was he that his life ended with a tragedy. How my father got him, I was never able to learn, but he loved him affectionately and Peter responded with an unselfish and never-ceasing love. We used to take Peter out on a string, which we took from the rolls of wall-paper that my father kept stored away in the cellar, but whenever we brought him out in the street to meet Father coming home from his business in the city, Peter would break loose as soon as he espied his master at the corner where the car stopped, and no matter how much we strove, Peter would always win the tug-of-war and haul us along till our hands burned from the string and we were forced to let go our grip.

Once Peter disappeared. My father was satisfied that he had been stolen, for he could not possibly have gone away of his own volition. For more than three months there

never was a trace of him. One day when Father sat on the top of one of the two-storied street-cars, reading his paper, a cart loaded with boards passed by. On the top of the pile of wood sat a dog, an ugly, rusty-haired mongrel with drooping head and melancholy eyes. It was Peter. No sooner did he see my father than with a jubilant barking and a joyful gleam in his eyes he made a mighty leap from the cart, landing in front of Father, whose hands he licked with the most evident signs of recognition. The driver on the timber-cart, who obviously had stolen the dog, was taken by surprise and began to call back Peter, but, seeing that his case was hopeless to plead against such an overwhelming evidence of ownership, he prudently refrained from any argument, and whipping his horse he drove hastily away.

Not long after this my father went to Dresden in Saxony for a brief stay at the Weisser Hirsch Kurhaus, and during his absence Peter was again lured away. Grieving for his master and suffering from ill-treatment,

he could not bear it any longer and laid himself down to die. He died a suicide. My father did not learn about Peter's fate till some two months after his return, for like Thyra Dannebod, the wife of Gorm den Gamle (Gorm the Old), who was the first king of Denmark in historical time, my mother would not allow us to break the sad tidings to Father.

When Gorm's favorite and firstborn son, Knud Danaast, died during his father's absence, the queen Thyra did not dare to carry the news to her husband lest he should succumb to his grief. Moreover, Gorm had strictly prohibited any one from communicating to him personally any sad tidings regarding his darling son. In this dilemma the wise Thyra found a way out. She ordered the walls in the palace hall draped with mourning colors. Gorm on his returning to the castle at once perceived the dark drapery and inquired about his son, premonitive of the sad event. But the queen remained silent. At length the king, beside himself from grief, gave vent to his tears and ex-

claimed sobbingly, "I understand that my son Knud is dead?" To which Thyra replied, "It is you said it, not I, my Lord the King."

For thus is the pathetic story told to us by Saxo Grammaticus, the first Danish historian, with whose work every Danish child is acquainted.

My father would never have learned anything about Peter's sad fate, and he would certainly never have believed that the dog did actually commit suicide had he not been told so by the railroad gatekeeper. This man had himself seen how Peter came down to the gate just as he was going to lower it for an approaching train. The engineer blew his whistle, and the gatekeeper vainly tried to hold back the dog, which leaped over the gate and deliberately laid itself down on the track, obviously aware of the danger and purposely seeking death.

The car was now rumbling through the broad Frederiksborggade, one of the main thoroughfares of Copenhagen, and we

passed my father's office. The curtains were pulled down, it being still too early for opening for business. Now and then we would take off our caps and look in wonderment at the picture of the Eiffel Tower.

"It must be bigger than the Tuborg Bottle," said my brother.

"Oh, at least twice as tall," said I. "Don't you remember Father having told us that it was ten times as tall as the Round Tower—almost a thousand feet high?"

There had been the year previous a great exhibition in Copenhagen, still remembered by many as the Great Northern Exhibition of 1888. Of that we had only a dim recollection of the French "Ballon Captif" which was piloted by the aeronaut Godard, and the soaring form of which was visible all over the city when it ascended some thousands of feet above the roofs of Copenhagen, affording seats for a dozen sightseers and kept safe by huge cables; and the Tuborg Bottle. This was a tall tower, built in the shape of a beer-bottle, in Hellerup, a suburb of Copenhagen, to advertise the product

of the far-famed Tuborg Brewery, whose beer is still obtainable half the world over. In the bottle was a restaurant in which Tuborg beer was served exclusively, and every visitor to the bottle received as a souvenir a small pocket-mirror on the back of which was a picture of the great flask.

But, oh, the Eiffel Tower must surely be a far greater sight! By the time when the car swung into the crowded Gothersgade a number of passengers were seated within. Of course we could not escape attracting some attention. It was too early to be on our way to school, and running errands with such sensational headgear seemed even less likely. At length a curious middle-aged lady accosted us.

"Where are you going, boys, this early?"

I warned my brother with a firm step on his foot not to betray our goal, but though he has later developed a far greater shrewdness and climbed rather high on the social ladder, his presence of mind at that moment failed him utterly.

The Author and his brother Henry as they were when they attempted to go to Paris.

"To Paris," he mumbled somewhat bashfully.

At that word the inquisitive lady nearly burst with laughter.

"Do you mean Paris, the city?" cried she, when she had recovered her composure. "Don't you know that the exhibition is all over?" She said this last remark with a suppressed smile addressed to the other passengers, her face half-hidden behind a great fur muff.

But now my brother had regained his wit, and seeing that I was determined to keep my silence, he acted as spokesman for both of us.

"That may be as you say, madam, but we are not going to see any exhibition. Our goal is the city Paris, and that, I trust, will not be over when we arrive."

My brother's quick reply did not fail to draw a peal of laughter from all the passengers save one, a sour old gentleman who sat opposite me, his chin resting on his hands which in turn were folded over the handle of his walking-stick.

"You are smart, my boy," grumbled he, "but I hope for your own sake that you'll take the route by way of the spanking-weed."

And turning to the other passengers he began to expostulate on the poor way children were brought up nowadays, and how different things were when he was a child.

Meanwhile the car had come to the terminal which was the Kongens Nytorv (King's New Market), a large open square in the centre of the old city. We heard the driver apply the shrieking brake and before the car came to a full stop we were out in the street running away at top speed, for behind us we could hear the old gentleman talking about discipline and the police.

For us to stand thus in the middle of Kongens Nytorv was fairly bewildering. It is one of the largest public places in the world, being more than eleven acres in area. Thirteen streets, among which are several of the city's main thoroughfares, empty their traffic into Kongens Nytorv like so many rivers into the sea, and yet the place never

seems crowded. We had never been so far, but from pictures and verbal descriptions we could recognize some of the chief buildings that adorned the square. In the middle there stands an equestrian statue of a former Danish king (commonly called "Hesten," which means "The Horse"), surrounded by a spacious greensward with many beautiful flowers, the whole of which is fenced in by a high iron rail, outside of which there is a sidewalk encircling it all. Thither we bent our course to reconnoitre our position and take a bearing.

In front of us towered the massive bulk of the Royal Theatre. We had never seen such a large building before, and neither of us could imagine what was the meaning of those two gigantic statues representing Oehlenschläger and Holberg, which sat, Buddha-like, under the loggia, each of them flanking the entrance to the theatre. Next to the theatre and to the left of it we saw some other huge buildings, which then we did not know, but which we later learned were the Academy and the Royal Mint.

Immediately adjoining the Academy there opened a large vista before our eyes. A forest of masts silhouetted against the light-blue sky. It was Nyhavn, an arm of the Öresund, which, canal-like, cut itself into the heart of the city. As far as eye could see, it stretched till it reached the main harbor. The canal was flanked on both sides by many quaint-looking houses; houses with old-fashioned gables, and obsolete small framed windows, and in each house there was either a sailor's home, a cellar restaurant, or a ship-chandler's shop.

In one of those old houses it was that Hans Andersen, whom in Denmark we call Haa. C. Andersen, lived for a number of years. I still remember my father having told me how he, when a young man, desirous of making the great man's acquaintance, had come to the house several times but always failing in mustering sufficient courage to knock on the door, he contented himself with lurking around the place, bashful and timid. On one occasion, however, he had ventured as far as up the stairs. Andersen

lived on the second flight. Up the winding and squeaking staircase he sneaked, feverish from excitement. In those old dwellings, which must have been built during the reign of Kristian V, and that are still standing, there were no halls, the entrance into the sitting-room and the kitchen being effected directly from the stairs, of which there was only one flight, back-stairs not being considered a necessity by those old builders.

Still unable to knock on the door, Father had turned to leave when a strange impulse took hold of him. If he could not speak to Andersen and shake hands with him he at least could set his eyes upon the illustrious man. Impelled by that idea he bent upon his knees, approached his head towards the door and peeped through the keyhole. Andersen sat at a table in the sitting-room. His legs, long and lanky, were crossed and one hand rested upon the table. Outwardly he looked as if he were posing for a photograph, but a closer inspection revealed that the great man was lost in dreams, travelling in far-away lands on the wings of imagina-

tion. Spellbound did my father kneel thus for a considerable time, unable to take away his eyes from the author of "O. T.," "Lykkeper," and all the beautiful fairy tales. At length he sneaked down as silently as he had come, but not till he had placed a manuscript-poem on the threshold, as a humble sign of his homage to the adored poet.

The sight of the many vessels encouraged us, for we thought it an easy matter to secure a passage on one of them.

Screwing up our courage to the top pitch we mounted the gangway of the first shi and accosted the skipper who sat on the hatch, smoking his morning pipe.

When we had told the skipper about our intention to travel with him to Paris he took his pipe from his mouth, sized us up, and said in a drawl, "Paris, you say, boys? I'v not the least idea where that is, and even if had, I couldn't navigate that far with th rigger."

He had such a funny way of pronouncing that we could scarcely understand what he said, and Paris he pronounced so broad and

with such a loud rolling " r " that at first we took him for a real Frenchman. In fact he was a man from the country, who through running a sloop loaded with fruits from one of the Danish islands to the capital had become his own master. Such vessels, which in Denmark are called " Päreskuder " (pear-sloops), are held in deep contempt by all Danish boys, to whom nothing could be more insulting than being called " Captain on a Päreskude."

On the next vessel we hailed we came in contact with a scullion boy who advised us to make inquiries at the railway station.

" How far was that? " we asked.

" Oh, my boys, that would be much too far for you to walk," the cook's boy informed us. " Take the omnibus that stops just behind ' Hesten,' and when you tell the conductor where you want to go, he'll let you off at the depot."

Acting upon this sound advice, we hurried back to the square and came just in time to catch the big red omnibus as the driver cracked his whip. But as we were ready to

mount the omnibus both of us simultaneously came to think that we had no money wherewith to pay our fare. Quickly we stepped back on the street, leaving the conductor agape. Dismayed and bashful, we ran to the other side of the rotunda to be out of sight of the conductor, whose surprise had changed to an offensive mirth. And then and there we held a hasty council. What was to be done was the question that seemed most important.

"With no money to pay our fare to the railway station," said my brother, "I fear we shall never reach Paris."

"Maybe not this time," I agreed.

And I had hardly uttered these words when the big clock of the Garrison Church struck seven with a solemn boom.

And that settled it. Without a word, but with a mutual glance that bespoke our secret thoughts, we set out for the yellow street-car which just came up from the corner of Gothersgade. The conductor knew us and gave us a free ride home. But what a slow travel it was. For now the streets were crowded

with people going to work and the car had to stop whenever an old lady raised her umbrella as a signal, and I think we halted at least forty times before the car reached the barn. Need I add that we felt awfully crestfallen and did our best to slip in undiscovered. Fortunately we caught a glimpse of the servant girl as she went down the cellar to fetch firewood. She was a tall, good-natured country woman, Jacobine by name. Perceiving that she had left the kitchen door ajar, we sneaked in unobserved and were soon lying in our beds, continuing our travel in a dream.

Thus ended my first adventure in travelling. But it was far from being my first recollection of childhood, for memory takes me back to incidents prior to this. I have frequently heard medical men and psychologists assert that memories rarely if ever go farther back than the third or fourth year of age. This, however, does not hold true in my case, for still I have a vivid recollection of three boys sitting on a rocking-horse. The two biggest boys were astride the horse

while I sat on the rocker, and so violently did we swing the horse that it toppled over with the result that all three of us were hurled into an open clothes-press.

My eldest brother, Carl, was an exceptionally bright boy and would certainly have become a precocious child had he lived. I remember some stories told about him by my mother. One day, when not yet two years old, he sat in the window looking out in the street when he espied a sailor who passed by in a rollicking gait. Suddenly Carl cried, "Look, Mama. The man has a necktie on his back!"

Another story about him runs thus: Mother had gone out and left the smaller boys in Carl's care. Before leaving she told him that she would be back at three o'clock, and to make this more clear she pointed at the figure 3 on the dial of the huge grandfather's clock which stood in a corner of the drawing-room. Though Carl used to take care of us whenever Jacobine had a day off, and he certainly was a good entertainer, it seemed as if he could not manage us that

day. Repeatedly we asked when Mother would be back, and his answer, "By three o'clock," failed to appease us. At length, becoming impatient himself and unable to stop our crying, he moved a big chair in front of the grandfather's clock, mounted it, opened the door and moved the hands till they pointed at 3. And turning to us, he announced in a triumphant voice, "Now Mother must surely come."

Fortunately she actually returned earlier than expected, for the clock leaned dangerously from the rough handling of Carl, who had to support it, embracing it as best he could. His eyes were filled with tears as Mother entered the room. "Oh, don't be angry with me, Mama," he said. "I thought the hands could never come to three, and as the small ones would not stop crying I had to move the hands myself."

Most of that which we read or hear will fade, and only the things we live through personally are liable to stamp themselves indelibly upon the memory. Hence I only

remember the incident with the clock as a story told me by Mother, having no personal or vivid recollection of it, because I only played a minor part in it; but the incident with the toppling rocking-horse and the fall into the dark clothes-press is still preserved so clearly in my memory that by closing my eyes I can see the scene before my inner vision. My eldest brother dying before he reached his fourth year, I could not have been two years old when that incident took place.

His last wish was to get a pair of high boots. To make him glad my father bought him a pair. He never came to use them, for he died a couple of days afterwards. But the boots were put in his coffin and buried with him.

ROYAL THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE.

THE RAILWAY STATION.

CHAPTER II

THE OLD VILLA

We lived in a villa in Baldersgade, which at that time was in the outskirts of Copenhagen. Balder was the ancient Northern god of love and kindness. Painted with large beautiful characters above the entrance to the villa could be read the name "Margharitta," which Father had given in honor of my mother. Just opposite the villa stood a large, gloomy building, an asylum for imbeciles, or a sort of deaf and dumb school (Keller's Aandssvageanstalt), of which up to quite recently I still had a picture drawn by my brother, who at a very early age displayed a strong predilection for drawing.

Occasionally one of the inmates who did a kind of janitor service in the asylum would appear in the street, and at the sight of us he would begin to fumble with his hands and fingers, trying to make himself understood by the deaf-mute language, while at the

same time he howled most dismally in some inarticulate, guttural sounds which sent us headlong into the garden, for we could not think otherwise than that the movements of his hands implied a violent threat.

Back of the villa extended a spacious garden, teeming with wild flowers and weeds, and altogether very ill-kept. Once, while playing in that wilderness of a garden my brother caught a monstrous spider in his rake and started in pursuit of me. Running faster than I, he soon caught up with me and stood brandishing the rake above my head. Not the least fear did I have of the rake, but I remember how filled with terror I became as I perceived the monstrous spider, dangling in its web just above my brows. I felt as if paralyzed and my blood froze at the horrible sight. At length, screaming with fright, I ran into the house, slamming the door behind me with such a force that the house seemed to shake from cellar to roof. And on that day I imbibed that unconquerable terror of spiders, which never since has left me.

Soon after that ineffectual trip to Paris we started school. At first we went to a girl-school, or rather a sort of kindergarten. I still remember one of the pupils there. Her name was Angelica, and to me she really appeared as a divine being. I learned later that her father was a prominent architect and that she had an uncle in America.

We knew how to read, having been taught the alphabet at a very early age by our grandmother from a pack of playing-cards on which were printed all the letters from A to Å, which is the last letter in the Danish alphabet.

Grandmother, which in Danish we call Bedstemoder (best or dearest mother), was the widow of a sea-captain in Aabenraa, Slesvig, where my mother was born a couple of years before the war of 1864, in which Schleswig-Holstein was lost to Germany, not to be recovered, and then only in part, till the settlement after the great war. For fourteen years she had accompanied her husband on his voyages to China and the Orient, and many were the wonderful tales she re-

lated to us about China, where she had lived in the city of Amoy.

She had aged prematurely, and I only remember her as a very, very old lady, wrinkled and kind-hearted, just as one pictures a maternal grandmother, though at that time she could not have been more than sixty. Her eyesight was impaired, and this, I think, was the immediate cause of her falling down the stairs on a dark night. A terrific thunderstorm was raging, and, as usual under such conditions, the whole family would gather in the sitting-room down-stairs. Grandmother, being more wary than the rest of us, must have been the first that was awakened by the thunderous peals, and during her going down the stairs she evidently became dazed by a sudden flash of lightning, and she lost her balance and fell. Fortunately she was not seriously hurt, but the fall gave her a shock. That night with its incessant thunder and the almost blinding lightning I can never forget.

Another night has left an indelible stamp on my memory. It was at the beginning of

the winter in the dusk, just before the lamps were lit. We were sitting in the dining-room, the windows of which faced a vast uninhabited field that stretched far behind the enclosure of our garden. Grandmother was telling stories and we had a very cosy time, when of a sudden we were startled by some shrill shrieks for help coming from out the gloomy field. My mother hurried to light the gas while we pressed our noses tight against the panes, staring out into the misty darkness. There was a pond in the field and somebody must have ventured out on the thin ice and gone through. From the window we could dimly see several bustling shadows while lanterns were leaping to and fro like so many will-o'-the-wisps. Father came in and told us that there was a rescuing party out at the pond with a huge ladder, but I never learned whether some were actually drowned that night.

The incident and the strange mood of that night, the cries for help and the swinging lanterns, are firmly impressed on my memory and will forever be associated with a pic-

ture I saw about the same time. It showed a skater going through thin ice, struggling to get a foothold. Below the picture I read these words: "There are no beams beneath the ice."

It was about this time that I made a find which caused both my brother and me a great pleasure, though afterwards it brought us a severe chastisement. One day, while playing hide-and-seek in the library, I happened to move a heavy easy-chair when some glittering object caught my eyes. "Look, what I have found!" I cried hilariously, holding up a gold ten-crown piece before my brother. In an instant he was at my side, and with that financial acumen which already distinguished him he at once took hold of the coin, intent on taking care of its exchange and proper division between us. Without asking for my opinion he immediately proceeded to the baker, whom he requested to change the coin into silver. To this the baker readily assented. But instead of changing the coin evenly in two

halves he handed my brother two two-crown pieces and six one-crown coins. From this amount my brother gave me my share of the spoils, counting out four silver crowns. He, too, got four coins, but two of these were two-crowns. It was only when discovering that, despite his heavier purchases, his money outlasted mine, I grew suspicious of his square dealing. During the days following we revelled in buying things. We bought paint-boxes, toy-guns, and heaps of uniform-buttons. At the end of a week we had become the undisputed masters of "Toddere," on account of which we were greatly respected by the other boys.

But this needs an explanation. The most popular game among boys in Denmark was at that time to "spille Klink," which means to toss up against the wall. In that game the boys never used marbles, but uniform-buttons, which were sedulously ranked according to their value, size, rarity, and lustre. The lowest grade of the genuine uniform-buttons were the so-called Toddere, cut from the coat of the private infantry sol-

dier. This was a rather dull brass button, about the size of a quarter, and very difficult to shine. It ranked as a "Todder" (boy's slang for "Two-er"). Next to it came the smaller but far more lustrous button of the policeman. This button, called a "Treer" (Three-piece), was of a golden-red hue, was easy to polish, and had as an ornament or emblem, a hand in cameo, in the palm of which was seen a human eye. A "Firer" (Four-piece) was recruited from the sleeve-buttons of the railway men. It was made of silver-nickel, allowed a very fine polish, and had as an emblem a winged wheel. Sixes there were none. Eights were the coat-buttons of the railway-men and letter-carriers. There were rumors afloat about buttons of still higher value, such as sixteen and thirty-two, but if such were really in existence I, at least, never set my eyes upon them. Maybe they were the buttons of the royal lackeys or those of naval officers. When, however, my mother, after a visit in Germany, brought back to us a selection of outlandish uniform-buttons, these were at

once regarded with envy and incredible respect by the other boys and promptly commanded a far higher price than the native ones. I remember that we sported a bag filled with German railway-buttons, which instantly were ranked as sixty-four.

The game was played in this manner: Selecting any wall as goal, some boys would start to bring their buttons as close as possible to the wall. All players stood in line, that is to say, at the same distance from the wall, but were allowed to bow low, roll the button, or employ any scheme as long as their toes did not transgress the line. The boy whose "Todder" came nearest to the wall got the privilege of taking the first chance in tossing the several buttons in the air. In doing this he first announced if he chose head or tail, all heads belonging to him and the tails to others after the coins reached the ground. The second-best player now took the rest of the buttons and proceeded in a similar way until all players had had their turn or no buttons were left. From this procedure there was, however, an excep-

tion. When all players had made their first throw, any one was at liberty to improve his throw by "giving," which consisted in approaching midway between the line and the wall and rolling a button of the half-value of the ones which were in the game up to the wall trying to beat the best one. One could "give" as long as he had buttons to spare, and in this manner the number of buttons would frequently swell so much that at the final tossing up in the air there sometimes would be as many as two-score "Toddere" flying about.

A grade lower in rank than the "Todders" were a certain sort of lead buttons, called Janter, of which there went eight on a Todder. Still lower, and held in deep contempt by all "regular fellers," came the Mofte, an ordinary trouser-button.

I still wonder what became of all these buttons and how the uniformed men in Denmark got along on their dress-parade with such a heavy inroad on them. As I grew up, I never saw more Todders, but being made of a durable material and almost im-

perishable, I feel sure that they have outlasted both the men who wore them and the boys who took such an immense delight in playing with them.

There were, of course, a lot of other games, but most of these being the same as are known in America, such as kite-flying, coasting, hoops, football, and so on, I shall not dwell on these. Two games, however, were so characteristically Danish and scarcely known elsewhere that it seems worth while to mention them. They were the top and the pins. The top, essentially a boy's pastime, was somewhat of the shape of a mushroom, with a pointed foot which was protected with a round-headed brass nail. It was set in motion with a twirl from the thumb and the fingers of the left hand and kept going by lashing it with a whip. It was no uncommon thing for a dextrous youngster to keep his top going for an hour or more, whipping it sometimes a distance of twenty yards and speeding after it to give it another crack whenever it slackened its speed. As the backyards in Danish cities

are mostly cemented, they afford a splendid playground for top-spinning.

What the top was to the boys, the pins were to girls. The game was called "Nipse." One would see two girls, each of them armed with a large pincushion chock-full of pins, the glass-heads of which sported all the colors of the rainbow plus black and milk-white ones. One of the girls would accost the other with the question: "Will you *nipse* with me?" If the other girl nodded, the challenger would pick out with extreme care, say a rose-headed pin, and place it on the flagstone. The partner in the game then selected another pin, say a green-headed one, and placed its head against that of the other. The challenger then would begin to nipse. Placing the middle finger bent against the thumb as a spring, she would snap her finger at the pin, attempting to bring it in crosswise above the other. If the pin remained in that position she had won the opponent's pin. If she failed, it was the other girl's turn.

Some boys, however, were eager to take a

chance at nipse, but the girls rarely would allow them, pretending that they used tricks. Many a sunny afternoon did I spend in nipsing with the girls in the neighborhood. Once I was nipsing with a girl named Ingeborg. We had been playing for upwards an hour and fortune had smiled at me. Of a sudden she stopped and began to cry.

"Why are you crying, Ingeborg?" I asked.

Burying her head in her checkered pinafore, she sniffed in deepest grief, "I've no more pins left; you won them all."

Her sorrow seemed so deep that I could not help pitying her, and without further ado I gave her back her lost pins. No sooner had she recovered her treasure before she, a little bashful, asked me to continue the game, from which I, however, refrained, exclaiming with a becoming dignity, "By no means, Ingeborg; for that is not the way they play the game in Leipzig."

When Grandmother had returned to her own home in Aabenraa, Slesvig, Mother

used to pay her a visit every summer. The first time she took my brother with her, leaving me alone. I felt utterly lonesome and most unhappy, and still do I remember how one warm summer day I stood at the garden-gate, shouldering my tiny toy-gun, when a formidable bumble-bee approached me. Filled with terror, I raised my gun, defending myself by swinging the butt around in a ferocious, panicky way, all the while feeling as forlorn as though I were the only boy left behind in a desolate world.

But the next summer Mother brought both of us along to the fairyland in Aabenraa. It incurred a long travel, leaving Copenhagen early in the morning and arriving at the destination late at night. In those days there were no meals served on the trains, so Mother armed herself with a huge basket, stored with lots of hard-boiled eggs, sardines, lobster in cans, smoked herrings and bread-and-butter a-plenty. Usually she would bribe the conductor with a small coin, for which he willingly though taciturnly assented to lock up the coupé, thus leaving us

alone to Korsör, a stretch of some ninety miles, which the train covered in a little less than two hours. Arrived in Korsör, the train would slowly run out on the ferry, which crosses the Storebelt, a twenty-mile-wide strait between Seeland and Fyen. Sitting in the railway-coupé we would watch the gunwale of the ferry as it sank a foot or more when the train boarded the steamer. Across the Storebelt (Great Belt) took about two hours, and thence the journey proceeded by rail across the island Fyen, the capital city of which is Odense, where H. C. Andersen was born. After an hour's ride, another ferry was waiting at Strib to take us across the Lillebelt to Fredericia in Jutland. A twenty-minutes' voyage landed us in Fredericia, a city that is famous on account of the sanguinary battle fought there on the sixth of July, 1849, between the Danes and the Prussians, who were signally defeated, though the Danes had to mourn the loss of the indomitable Norwegian General Olaf Rye.

From Fredericia the train started straight

south till we reached the frontier-station Vamdrup. We were now in Germany, a fact that soon made itself felt. Not only did the large black-and-white frontier-poles notify us to that effect, but everything on German soil was quite different from Denmark. The locomotives on the German railroads were far larger, and looked so monstrous, black, and awe-inspiring that this alone would have told us we were in a foreign country had it not been for the language. Still, all this land had been Danish since time immemorial, and after the great war it was again incorporated, by plebiscite, into the kingdom.

Aabenraa itself looked like a toy-city, hidden away among green hillocks, lulled asleep by the sounding waves of the beautiful fjord.

It was shortly after our return from Aabenraa that an incident took place which nearly cost my life. On Köbmagergade, in the very heart of the old city, there stands a strange structure which every visitor to Copenhagen has seen and of which many non-

visitors have seen pictures. It is Rundetaarn, a gigantic round tower, some 125 feet high, built of great stones by Kristian IV. Inside this tower there leads to the top-platform a broad winding way, laid with bricks, and so steep that it takes some effort to reach the top, from where one has a wide view of the city and its surroundings. It was built for astronomical observations, but is now only used for sightseeing, being open for free admission twice a week. The tower is immense in every respect and has a most gloomy appearance, both outside and inside. When Czar Peter the Great visited Copenhagen he drove up the winding slope with coach-and-four, a truly dangerous "stunt," considering that he had to come down again, and later it became a fad to ascend the slope on a bicycle, which could, of course, only be done by very strong men on wheels with an extremely low gear.

Nothing could be more gloomy and forbidding than the entrance to Rundetaarn. If you enter it on a bright sunny day from the noisy street without, you will at once feel

depressed by the menacing silence within those monstrous thick walls, the brooding clair-obscure, the light coming through iron-grated, bow-arched windows, set high in the walls, and the clammy atmosphere.

On ascending you will have the inner pillar on your right, and all over the plastered wall one will see innumerable names scratched with pen and knife. Now and then you will be scared by those coming down, running at top speed, their merry laughter rebounding in a dismal, manifold echo. But on reaching the spacious platform one is amply repaid for the effort, for a more glorious view it is hard to imagine. The platform is surrounded by two iron rails, a lower inner one, and a five-meter-high exterior fence, the latter erected to make it impossible for visitors to throw themselves from the top, which in the eighties had become quite a rage with people tired of life.

One day my father took my brother and me with him to mount the tower. Some night previously he had had an ominous

THE ROUND TOWER.

Built by Christian IV. Opposite is the "Regeusen," where poor students have free lodging. The tui

ENGLISH CHURCH IN COPENHAGEN.

The people promenade past this church on the evening of the "Day of General Prayer."

dream, in which he saw me meet with an accident. He had conferred with our physician touching that dream, but the doctor had only laughed at his anxiety, calling it superstition. But the morning in question he had forgotten all about the ominous dream, and taking us by the hands he proceeded to enter the tower. My brother went boldly in, but I had taken only a few steps up the bricked slope, when beside myself from fear I tore loose from my father's hand and rushed out. The sidewalk outside Rundetaarn being hardly three feet wide, I could not stop, ran in the street, fell, and came beneath a landau with two horses which came along at a brisk trot. More I do not remember, but I have been told that my father rushed after me, and throwing himself flat on the sidewalk he managed to extricate me from the horses. There was a moment of hushed awe among the passers-by, for every one was under the impression that I had been trampled to death under the hoofs of the snorting horses. But not the least injury did I suffer, and that certainly seemed like a miracle.

May 19th is a day of peculiar charm in Copenhagen. On that day the population will pour out into the streets, dressed in their best clothes, and filled with good cheer. The day is called Store Bededag (general prayer-day), and was introduced by the court physician Struensee, a liberal-minded and far-seeing man who during the reign of Kristian VII assumed well-nigh autocratic powers. Struensee, who realized that too many holidays were harmful, united a number of obsolete holidays into one day of general prayer, not unlike Thanksgiving Day, and fixed the date on May the 19th. When Copenhagen was still an old-fashioned city, confined within the ramparts and surrounding moats, the inhabitants would on that day promenade on the ramparts in the afternoon and have tea, with warm buns (Hveder), at their return. As the city expanded, the promenade did likewise, and it is now customary to extend the Store-Bededags promenade as far as the utmost mole, or breakwater, at Langelinie. And a most beautiful promenade it surely is, taking one through

the stately Bredgade, where most of the foreign ambassadors live, past the Russian church with its three golden cupolas, the enormous marble church, modelled after St. Peter's in Rome, past the citadel, the English church, and the Meteorological Institute, through the free port, and along the beautiful embankment of the Langelinie, where one sees the tall column that commemorates the deed of Ivar Hvitfelt, who, during the naval battle in the bay of Köge, when the ship of the line Dannebrog caught fire, preferring to die instead of withdrawing from the battle, determined to remain aboard and flew into the air with all the crew as the fire reached the chamber where the gunpowder was stored. On the calm sea is seen a flotilla of cutters and yachts, while the big hulls of the old dismantled ironsides from 1801 flank the sailing-channel, and the splendid steam yacht *Standard,* belonging to Czar Alexander III, has dropped anchor farther out. The Czar was married to old King Kristian's daughter Dagmar, and hence he would visit his father-in-law every

summer, finding repose from Nihilistic onslaughts in peaceful Denmark.

All these Store-Bededags promenades remain in my memory as sun-glittering days, with budding beech-trees and a wide expanse of the horizon, a pale-blue sky, evoking vague longings for distant countries and future adventures.

Often the theatres would offer extra performances in the afternoon, and I remember having seen "Niobe," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "Elverhöj," and many other fine plays before coming home to tea and hot buns.

It is a common saying that however much most people cling to life, few would be willing to live over their life again. But as for me, taking the same sorrows and the same joys which I have experienced, I would gladly go through it all once more, even if there were more of grief than of joy, for it would take me back to my childhood. For could I have but one wish granted, it would be this one: "Give me back my childhood."

Years after, when I was going to be con-

firmed, I paid a visit to the old villa in Baldersgade. They had torn down the Deaf-and-Dumb Institute and big houses were built all around the villa. In the old garden the brambles were cut down, and now there were gravel paths and cement. In the house itself the city had opened a branch of the public library.

CHAPTER III

FIRST SCHOOL-DAYS

Up to my eighth year I was what is termed a "sissy," having been petted too much, wearing too long-curled and well-combed locks, and always been dressed in fancy velvet suits with silver buttons. Or, maybe it was the girl-school that had made me altogether too girlish.

We had now moved into the centre of the city, occupying the mezzanine in a vast building that had just been erected on Halmtorvet (Haymarket), which has since become the main public place in Copenhagen, known to all Scandinavian travellers as Raadhuspladsen, called so from the great city-wall which was erected on the old "Haymarket" and the towering spire of which, with its myriads of tame pigeons, not only is one of the sights of Copenhagen, but

the loftiest tower in all Scandinavia and a building which compels admiration from every visitor to "Axel's city," as Copenhagen sometimes is called from its founder, the Bishop Absalon, who made the insignificant harbor ("Köbenhavn" means literally "Merchants' Harbor") into the capital of the realm.

Outside the house in which we lived there was a large park-like enclosure where we used to play, or display our skill in tight-rope dancing by walking on the long wooden fence which surrounded the place. On a bench in the park there would frequently sit an old man, whom we, from his resemblance to a picture of Shylock which we had seen in an edition of Shakespeare in Father's library, called the Jew. He would haunt my dreams, and so afraid was I of him that I seldom dared to approach him within ten paces. On one occasion, however, I came within speaking distance of the Jew. I was just comparing the time on my watch with that of the clock on the Industry-palace when he hailed me, asking if the watch be-

longed to me. Answering in the affirmative he continued, "Prove it."

"How could I prove it, sir?" I said timidly.

"By opening it and spitting in the movement," he replied, with a grin.

But from that day my fear of the Jew vanished, for where humor enters, and be it even with an alloy of malice, there can be no real wickedness.

One afternoon while standing in our bedroom to change clothes, I was admiring my new suspenders, which were the first I ever had on, when everything about me became black and I fainted away. I was brought to bed and stayed there for a week or so. The disease proved to be measles, which to this day is the only sickness from which I have ever suffered.

An incident which I still remember vividly, and not without a certain shame, proves what a sissy I really must have been at that time. I was standing outside the house waiting for Mother, who was to take me to the Tivoli gardens. On my head I had a

new cream-colored cap, very becoming and rather expensive. As I stood there lost in day-dreams a rough boy about my age came towards me and without any explanations whatever he snatched the cap from me and ran away. Taken by surprise, I stood immovable, gaping from fear and astonishment, and thus I remained, a picture of utter forlornness, when my mother came down. Seeing me bareheaded she at once inquired about the cap. The story seemed incredible, but what else could I offer as an explanation? Without any comment my mother took me by the hand and led me around the corner into the broad Vesterbro-Passage, where I had seen the thief disappear. And, strange to say, there I at once pointed out the boy, who stood, hiding himself, in the great portal that led into the National Vaudeville Theatre. Quick-tempered and energetic as Mother was, she pulled the cap from the boy's head, while with the other hand she administered a hard-hit box on the ear, which, I hope, proved a good lesson for the too long-fingered rascal.

But my extreme sissiness was fortunately stamped out most radically when I entered a real boys' school, conducted by a friend of my father's, a stalwart and heroic-minded man who had been in the war of '64. Most of the teachers were men, female teachers being employed only in the very lowest grades, and there only in spelling and geography. The treatment, compared to American school standards, must be considered very harsh, corporal punishment being included in the curriculum as a necessity. Teilman, the owner of the school, was the strictest disciplinarian, and all the boys had a great respect, somewhat mingled with fear, for him. On his neck he had a kind of wart, which served as a real barometer, indicating his moods. Being of a very quick-tempered and choleric disposition, the least opposition would infallibly make him furiously mad, a mood which was duly registered on the wart, which at once assumed a scarlet hue. On watching the wart, we drew our conclusions, and no sooner did it appear red than we displayed the most obedient submission, fear-

ing lest some of us might be ordered into his private office after the recess to receive the punishment which went under the name of "Strambuks," meaning literally "tight-pants." The punishment was meted out in the following manner. The sinner had to bend himself and thrust his head, guillotine-like, between the knees of the torturer, who then, seizing his spanking-weed, administered so-and-so-many forceful strokes on the most tender part of the bodily extremity.

From this punishment there was neither appeal nor escape, but some inventive and credulous boys had arranged for some alleviation of the pains either by secretly rubbing the spanking-weed (a cane of a hard but pliable wood, called in Denmark Spanish wood) in a solution of onion-juice, which was said to break the pains if not the cane itself, or by lubricating part of the body with a thick cover of syrup-like ointment prior to the chastisement.

When the offense was considered too trifling for the spanking-weed, or where occasion demanded a quick punishment, boxing

on the ears came in most handy, and I still remember having received such a tremendous box by Teilman that four of my comrades sitting on the same long bench as I (we were seated alphabetically, Andersen first and Wiberg last) got a share of the punishment with the result that the whole quartet came sliding along the bench to fall in a bewildered heap on the floor. And they all assured me that they, too, had felt the pain of the stroke, which thus had the effect of a bullet, penetrating in turn several victims.

Our teacher of arithmetic also had a fast and furious temper and was impatient to a degree. Misunderstanding his lucid explanations enraged him and brought an immediate punishment upon the poor boy. Trying to learn the fundamentals of fractions, I remember having asked him if the word "part" should not be written beside the denominator. Hardly had I uttered this silly question when the teacher reached out for a terrific hit on my jaw, which, hurting though it was, forever proved a valuable lesson in

thinking, and thinking deeply, before asking unnecessary questions.

The discipline being so hard, it is small wonder that even the meekest among the teaching staff, the instructor in religion (teaching of religion being compulsory in all Scandinavian schools, both private and public,) once in a while listened to the voice of the punishing angel. He was a tall, bony man, with a face resembling a ram's, and eyes serious and searching as those of an Assyrian god, but, notwithstanding his austere looks, we never considered him really dangerous, and hence the boys would often play some tricks on him. It was thus no rare occurrence that a boy, picked out for "Strambuks," would clandestinely provide himself with a suitable armor, which in most cases consisted of a book placed inside the trousers, and thus prepared he would face the music unflinchingly. It so happened that a boy having applied a book with a peculiar stiff cover the stick broke, to the dismay and utter consternation of Mr. Beck. His face

was surely a sight. At first he looked at the boy, fearing that he had caused him serious harm, and next his eyes sought the ceiling, as if to implore divine help. At last he took the broken stick in his hands and threw it out of the window, evidently acting under the impression that Providence itself had interfered in behalf of the boy.

But when Christmas approached, the angel of peace entered the school. Even Teilman's wart did pale, and with a benevolent air, as though he would embrace every one of us, he distributed among the pupils small books of fairy tales. Among those books were abridged editions of Don Quixote, Gulliver, and Arabian Nights. Even the teacher of gymnastics, who usually was a rather "hard-boiled" sort of man, assumed an air of kindness and substituted for the tedious preparatory exercises (Swedish gymnastics) and the difficult acrobatic feats, playful games and sports, as tug-of-war, wrestling bouts, and concerted, self-invented games. Chief among his inventions was what he termed the Svend Tröst game. Let

me explain the general trend of that diverting game. When King Kristoffer II died in 1332, it appeared that he had pawned all Denmark to German princes, who, unwilling to see the pawn redeemed, resolved that no more should there be a king in Denmark. The Danish people were taxed extremely heavily and felt consequently a strong desire to get rid of their oppressors, of whom the most cruel was the infamous Count Gert of Holstein, nicknamed the bald-headed count (Den kullede Greve). Gert descended on Jutland, penetrating as far as to the old city of Randers, from where he planned to conquer the whole country. But in the night of the first of April, 1340, the Jutlandish nobleman Niels Ebbesen, accompanied by sixty stalwart men, rode into Randers and slew the oppressor. This became the signal for a general rising among the Jutlanders, who soon cleaned all the country of the invaders. About this deed there is still an old ballad extant in which is told how Niels Ebbesen when arriving at the bridge that spans the Gudenaa (the only river of any size in Den-

mark) turned to address his men. It was an enterprise fraught with danger, he said, but for those that were afraid of the undertaking it was not yet too late to turn back. He would not reproach any such man with cowardice. To his great dismay there was but one who chose to stay back, and that man was his nephew, a young warrior, Svend Tröst by name. The killing of Count Gert caused a great commotion among the German garrison in Randers, and it was only by spurring their horses to their utmost speed that Ebbesen and his party escaped. They reached the bridge, hotly pursued by the Holsteiners, and no sooner had they crossed the bridge when the structure crumbled down as by magic, thus rendering the pursuit impossible. It was Svend Tröst who in staying behind had concealed himself below the bridge to saw the supporting planks half-way through. When the last of the Danish warriors had passed the bridge safely Svend cut the loosened beams, whereupon the bridge gave way.

On this incident Mr. Louis Scheiding, the

teacher of gymnastics, had built his athletic game, which was the delight of every boy. He had paraphrased the story with great freedom and used to introduce new variations, often betraying a startling inventiveness. And a most thrilling game it certainly was. Armed with a colossal piece of chalk he proceeded to mark the floor. Here he drew the river, the horse serving as bridge, and the entrance to Randers. At the farthest corner of the big hall, which measured 70 by 40 feet, he placed the camp of the bald count. Next, he divided the boys into two parties: Niels Ebbesen and his men, and the Holsteiners. Niels led his men cautiously into the enemy's camp. Stealthily came the little crowd along, working its way across the double-bars, climbing the twenty-foot pole, which had been greased with tallow to render the task the more difficult, and sliding down the rope, from where, without touching the floor, the trapeze and the Roman rings were reached by the aid of a human chain. Next, the horse had to be negotiated, and finally came a silent crawling

along the side-bars which ran along all the walls like a ribbed panel to the height of fourteen feet. Now, Ebbesen and his men came unobserved upon Count Gert, who was duly sand-bagged. Let me not forget to tell that any boy who stepped on the chalk lines, missed the horse in jumping across it, failed to climb the tallowed pole, or performed his task too noisily or clumsily, was instantly ruled out to take his place among the spectators.

Up to the feigned killing of Gert everything had gone on as silently as in a pantomime, but when the count had suffered his deserved fate pandemonium broke loose. It was now the inning of Gert's men, who up to this had kept a sleeping guard, but who now started in the pursuit with a truly terrific howling. Back along the same route Ebbesen's party fought their way, overcoming every obstacle in turn. But woe to him who stuck on the horse or lost his grip in the Roman rings. He was immediately counted out under scornful hisses and laughter. When all had passed the horse, this was top-

pled over by Svend Tröst. But if the hindmost of Ebbesen's men was touched by one of the Holsteiners, the game was lost and the parties shifted rôles.

In tug-of-war Scheiding appointed two of the biggest boys as captains. Each of these would now in turn call out a boy to his party till none was left and the strength was almost equal on both sides. Scheiding next marked the floor with chalk, and placing himself at the middle of the rope as umpire he would give the signal to pull away. For the first two minutes the boys would haul away in deep silence, the balance between the opposite powers being almost perfect. But when, as some one fell or slipped, the other side hauled in some inches, a roar of laughter would rend the air and the pulling went on on a truly furious scale. Sometimes it would take a quarter of an hour to decide the tug-of-war, and in all cases the aftermath would be bruises and sore hands.

When Christmas was over, say about the sixth of January, and school started again, everything became as of old, and Scheiding

again assumed the air of a cruel drill-sergeant, relentless, ruthless, and remorseless. When a boy displayed a too heavy ballast astern in climbing the rope he would be there with his tarred rope's-end and hustle the unfortunate weakling. Often he would order the whole class to bend down on one leg, an exercise which is by no means easy. It is performed thus: Standing on either leg and putting the whole sole to the floor, we had to bend down on that leg, stretching the other out in front of us, until we all had assumed a crouching position. With both arms stretched straight out we had to remain in that posture for half a minute, when we were ordered to rise again without taking the heel from the floor or tumbling over. It makes a rather heavy strain on the stomach muscles, but as to the healthfulness of the exercise there can be no doubt. By and by we all learned to perform the exercise not one time but five and six times in succession, and always with the heel planted firmly on the ground.

Sometimes he would lay off a space with

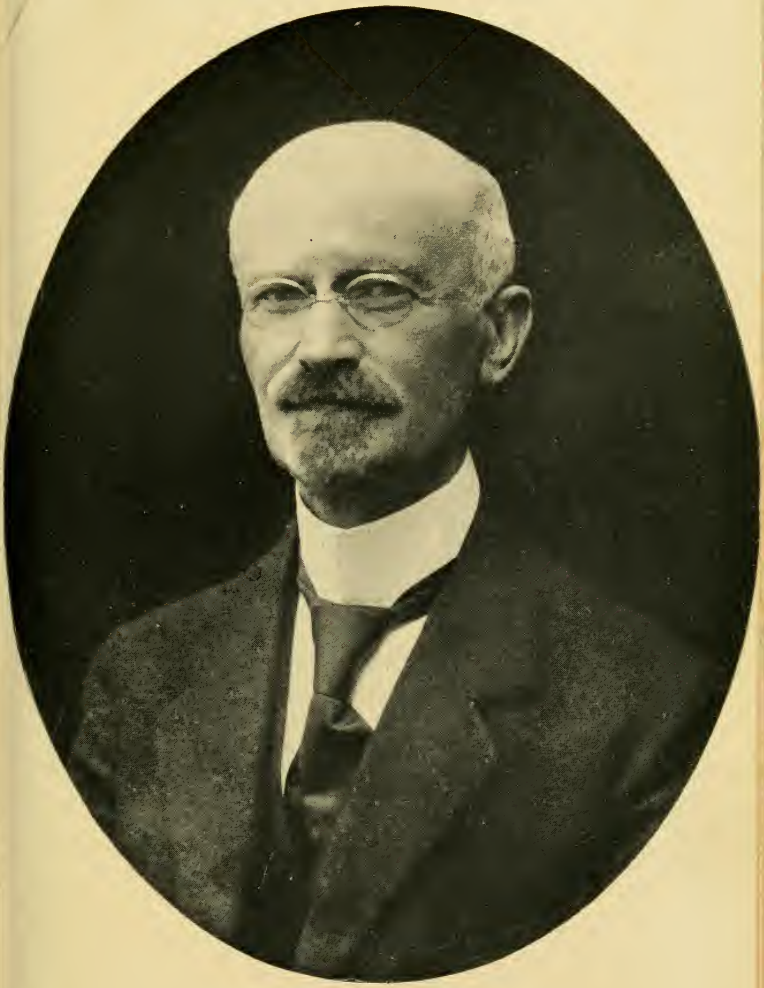
chalk on the floor, measuring seven feet (the Danish foot being slightly longer than the English), and this trench, as he used to call it, he asked every boy to clear with a standing leap. Here, too, with the aid of the tarred rope's-end, we all without exception learned to perform what at first appeared impossible, considering our average age, which in my class at that time was ten years.

The rule of arm-pull was ten times chinning the bar in the trapeze, and twenty times in the Roman rings, the palms always outward. He laid special stress on the horse, a huge affair which the boys leaped over lengthwise with the assistance of a springboard. In such cases the horse was covered with two heavy mattresses, and he would not allow any boy to get stuck on the back of the horse. If this happened, the boy had to take a flying start over and over till he finally cleared the horse; which mostly was done with the aid of the lash, a thing that proved much more effective than the springboard.

When Scheiding, in spite of his apparent cruelty, won the affection of most of the

boys, it must chiefly be ascribed to his strong sense of justice, coupled with his own capability. At that time he must have been close to forty years. He was slim, but strongly built, and possessed a vivacity that bespoke a lifelong training. He wore a well-trimmed goat's beard, had black, sparkling eyes and was about five feet, eight in height. During the gymnastic hours (a full hour every school-day) we were in shirt-sleeves and wore a special kind of canvas shoes with flexible leather soles. Once in a while when Scheiding seemed especially disgusted with our performance, he would display his own way of doing things, performing a series of Flik-Flaks (backward somersaults) and the most startling giant-swings, and doing all this in his street clothes, his gold watch dangling from his vest-pocket and his tie flying about like a pennant. This, of course, could not fail to evoke our genuine admiration and heighten our respect for him, as a man who did not demand things of others which himself he could not do.

But to the laggards he showed no mercy.



LOUIS SCHEIDING.
The Instructor in Gymnastics who so greatly influenced the early life of the Author.

There was a boy, Henry Gunst by name, who by dint of sheer lassitude and obstinacy refused to learn how to walk on his hands. This boy Scheiding seized by the legs and wheeled around the hall, consoling the slacker with these words: "It matters not if your head cracks as long as the floor remains intact."

Being myself somewhat backward in acrobatics, I resolved to put myself in the first rank of the boys in my class, and fired by ambition I began to practise assiduously in the kitchen, devoting one hour daily to hand-walking. Within a week I surprised the entire class, yes it is not too much to say that I created a sensation, with my walking through the hall several times on my hands. Scheiding himself was beside himself from astonishment and in a fit of enthusiasm he bestowed a 9 on me, 7 being ordinarily the highest mark for clever performance. And as I added a cartwheel on one hand, clapping the legs from six to ten times together while in the air, he pronounced me a little marvel, keeping the fabulous 9 as

privilege for me, which I shared with only two other boys, one Julius Petersen for his marvellous giant swings, and one Svend Flamand for his surpassing feats in flik-flakking and salto mortale (death-jump). Besides these acrobatic feats, however, we had a regular quarter of an hour daily preparatory exercises, according to the Swedish system.

During the summer-time the gymnastics were replaced by swimming lessons, every Danish schoolboy being compelled to learn how to swim. Our school had its own swimming establishment in a part of the harbor, for Copenhagen is situated directly on the sea like Boston, in consequence of which there is an astounding number of "swimming-holes" in and around the city. As Scheiding was in care of the swimming-lesson, it will readily be seen that no boy remained ignorant of this healthy and necessary art, save such as were excused by doctor's certificate.

He was a many-sided man, was Scheiding. For in the wintry season he became

busy with a private dancing-school, and here, too, he worked wonders, drawing an extremely large attendance, which necessitated the opening of branch schools in different parts of the city.

By profession this master teacher was Harlequin, and this, I presume, needs some explanatory remarks. In Tivoli, which, according to all who have travelled widely, is the largest and most unique amusement park in the world, situated directly in the heart of the city and furnished with almost any kind of amusement from dancing-halls, merry-go-rounds, and balloon-swings, to a symphony orchestra, giving free concerts three times a day during the season, which lasts from May to September, there stands a unique theatre, called Pantomimeteatret. When you have passed the great portal and paid the price of admission, which is fifty öre for adults and twenty-five öre for children (about seven cents), you will see at your left a peculiar structure, resembling in style a Chinese pagoda. The ground in front of this theatre is arranged so that everybody

can see what is going on on the stage. The pantomime theatre goes back to the earliest days of Tivoli, which was opened on the fifteenth of August, 1843, and in it is a performance twice daily. The plays are pantomimic, and have their origin in Italy, whence they were brought to Copenhagen by an Italian by name of Casorti. The dumb-shows, which mostly revolve around a similar plot, display Pierrot, a silly old man dressed in a white clown's coat; Kassander, Pierrot's bosom friend, and his daughter, Columbine, an agile danseuse, and finally Harlequin, dressed in many-colored checkered tights. This Harlequin, who had to be an expert ballet-dancer, was always in love with Columbine, and contrived all kinds of schemes to fool her watchful father, who would have none of the springy suitor. Pierrot, too, was in love with the dainty Columbine, who, of course, refused his approaches, and from this the pantomime drew its plot. One of the most popular performances was entitled " Pierrot Crazed By Love," a show which never failed

to draw laughter from the vast crowd of children who invariably gathered before the theatre, no matter if the sun shone or if it rained. When the show was over the children would infallibly request Pierrot to speak, shouting, "Say something, Pierrot!" To this he always had a witty reply ready.

Now Scheiding for several seasons took the part of Harlequin, a fact which bespeaks his great dexterity as a dancer, since it implied toe-dancing and the most intricate pirouettes.

Mother, who was anxious to see us well versed in music and dancing, allowed us to attend Scheiding's dancing-courses, where all the dances then in vogue were taught, and taught excellently. His forte was the Mazurka and the French Lancers, and the former he would dance with such a verve and martial force that one could imagine the clanking of spurs and sabres. An athletic and beautiful dance it certainly was, and I cannot but believe that Scheiding, if he lived to see the modern dances, would have frowned upon them as lethargic, denouncing

them as fit for cripples or old women. One night when I had danced the Mazurka extra well he took me aside saying, " I see that you have excellent insteps, Herluf. Show me if you can stand on tiptoe." Having done this, he proceeded, telling me that he would train me to be able to participate in a pageant at the Pantomimetheatre, and later he would get me in as a pupil at the ballet of the Royal Theatre. But my mind was not set on dancing, and hence I refused to proceed along the path of Terpsichore. What my mind was set upon at that time my readers will learn from the following chapter.

CHAPTER IV

WHAT MY MIND WAS BENT ON

THERE is in Copenhagen a place of a peculiar charm, called Gammelstrand, which means Old Strand. The name is derived from the Frederiksholm Canal which wends its way around the mighty Christiansborg Castle. The canal is some fifty feet across and fenced in on both sides with a beautiful high wrought-iron rail united by stone pillars, while several magnificent bridges, such as the Marble Bridge and the High Bridge, span it to give access to the holm on which the castle is built. As you walk along the canal you will meet sights which are seen nowhere else in the world. Starting at the exchange, built by Kristian IV, and noteworthy because of its weird spire, formed of three winding dragons, you pass several small crafts in the canal. One of these is known as the School for Ship Cooks, and

here you can go on board and have a delicious meal served at a very reasonable price. Passing on, you reach the High Bridge, beyond which is seen the immense equestrian statue of Bishop Absalon, who founded Copenhagen in the twelfth century. Hard by a strange sight meets your eye. What are all these hardy women doing, sitting at small benches, each with a snow-white hood upon her head, their backs turned to the rail of the canal? More than a hundred, yes maybe two hundred of them, you will see, and all appear to be very busy. Well, these women make up the clan that is the greatest asset for curiosity in all Copenhagen. They are the famous fishwives, coming for Skovshoved and other fishing-villages, and they possess an old privilege of selling fish at Gammelstrand. Beside them they have huge white stone tubs in which live fishes swim around, for you must know that nobody in Denmark would think of buying dead fishes, even if laid on ice, any more than they could be persuaded to buy wet matches. As soon as the tubs are emptied of their contents the

THE "FISHMARKET."
Where the famous Fishwives sell live fishes from huge white stone tubs.

THE REBUILT CHRISTIANBORG CASTLE.
Equestrian statue of Frederick VII, who gave Denmark a Constitution.

women will take in a fresh haul of live fishes from the Hyttefad, a flat, boat-like fish-trunk, perforated with holes to allow the water to flow freely in and out, such as are seen floating in the canal. Just opposite the fisherwomen stands a large old-fashioned building, bearing the legend: Kongelig Assistens-Hus. This is a public pawn-shop, run by the state, which will loan money on pawn at a low interest. At the other shore of the canal a large wall stretches itself along, covered with very impressive frescoes. This is the widely known Thorvaldsen's Museum, built in honor of the great sculptor and containing nearly all his works as well as the tomb of the illustrious man. Not far from the fish-market can be seen the flower-market where quaintly dressed women from the island Amager offer fresh flowers for sale. Farther on, we pass the Storm Bridge built to commemorate the storm in Copenhagen in the night of February 11, 1659, when the Swedes under Karl Gustaf attempted to force the city but were frustrated by the heroic defense of the citizens and their

women-folk. The Swedish soldiers had covered their armor with white shirts to render themselves invisible in the heavy snow-drifts, but their approach was discovered in time, upon which the women poured scalding suds, tar, and pitch on the enemy, thus hindering him from scaling the ramparts. In close proximity to the Storm Bridge stands a long, low building, called Oldnordisk Museum (Old Northern Museum), containing a vast and unique collection of antiquities dug out of the earth, some of these dating back to the Stone Age. Among the greatest treasures in the collections are the remarkable bronze trombones (called "Lurer") which despite their age of upward to 3,000 years are still capable of emitting sonorous tones, a fact which you may ascertain for yourself, should you ever be in Copenhagen in summer-time, for it is customary to have some prominent musicians from the Royal Symphony Orchestra play different tunes on these venerable horns from the roof of City Hall on midsummer-day.

Now, having looked at the surroundings

of the canal, let us have a closer view at the canal itself. The water is remarkably clear, of a beautiful bottle-green hue, and on a calm day one may look down to the very bottom, which surely must have been laid with flagstones, else I cannot account for the water never being muddy, but pellucid to a remarkable degree, reflecting the sulphur-colored stones at the bottom.

On this place the canal floats a forest of rowboats—hundreds and hundreds of small craft—some with two and some with four oars and as many thwarts. Every boat has a sign in the stern bearing its name, and there you will read, "*Kvik*"; "*Skjold*"; "*Viking*," or some similar Danish name. These boats are for rent at twenty-five öre per hour. And now I trust you will have understood what I was aiming at when I, in refusing Scheiding's suggestion, said that I had my mind set on something far better than becoming a dancer. I had cast my vote for a sailor's lot. Scores and scores of times I went down to the boating-place, where we hired a boat after having satisfied the owner

with two crowns, leaving our watches or bicycles as security for the safe return of the boat. Mostly we were two or three boys together in one boat, and not rarely we would make excursions into the outer harbor, sometimes as far as to the outlying sea-forts Trekroner, Middelgrunden, and Prövestenen, on which, many years later, I served my military duty as an artilleryman. These excursions would sometimes last for several hours, but the boys had become so expert in boating that no single case of capsizing came under my notice. A classmate of mine, Knud Hermansen by name—and he will certainly smile in remembrance should these lines come under his eyes—was particularly expert in rowing and steering, and he used to arrange regular races among the crews of several boats. We would even challenge some racing-boat belonging to one of the numerous rowing-clubs which Copenhagen possessed then as it does now, and on one occasion the boys in their heavy boat actually beat a racing-boat, though only for a short distance. The fact, however, was hushed up

and the racing-crew in the case issued a categorical denial in the papers, probably because it reflected so poorly upon the oarsmanship of the crew, which was a contender for the championship of Öresund.

One summer when my parents gave us the option between a regular summer-vacation in the country and money for boating and a railway-card for two months, valid for Klampenborg, a bathing-place north of Copenhagen, we chose the latter, and I dare say that this was our best summer vacation. Provided with the money, we at once proceeded to the aforementioned Knud and went down to the boat-owner from whom we rented his much esteemed "*Kvik*" for a whole month. The exact year of this extensive boating I cannot recall, but it must have been around 1897, for it was just in the days of the widely heralded Dreyfus affair, which reverberated loudly in the Danish press. Dreyfus at that time had been imprisoned, convicted of espionage, on a small island off the coast of French Guiana, called Ile-du-Diable. In a remote corner of Copenhagen's

spacious harbor there was a desolate place which went by the name of Tömmergraven (Lumber-ditch), and in the middle of this lay a wretched little island, which the boys, whether in honor of the unfortunate Dreyfus or to create sensation, I am at a loss to say, had called Djävleöen (Devil's Island). Thither we set our course, carrying a tent and provision for a regular camping. After camping, we were practically lost to the outer world for several weeks, having vanished totally out of sight of our acquaintances. The days we would spend in rowing around in the harbor, hailing every ship and begging for hardtack from the sailors, or fishing, though we never caught anything except minnows, of which there was a vast number at the sluices on the Amager-side. These minnows the boys used to keep alive in bottles filled with sea-water, and they were the stable fish for every boy's home-aquarium, "regular fellers" denouncing as fit for girls only the goldfishes that were offered for sale in the stores.

When the summer vacation was over, we

would roam about the harbor where ships from far-away lands docked, and ask for permission to board the ships. We were always careful in selecting the ship-types, preferring barks and leaving steamers alone. As soon as we had got some hardtack we would at once proceed to go aloft, one boy in the mizzen, another in the mainmast, and the third boy in the foremast. Up the ratlines we climbed, taking a short rest in the tops, and then we went on till we had reached the utmost end of the mast, fastening a piece of paper to the vanehead. The sailors never interfered, evidently they considered it a safe game, and I cannot but believe that Scheiding's strenuous teaching in climbing the greased pole and the rope had something to do with our expertness in going aloft. Dizziness was unknown to us then, though now I doubt whether after so many years I should be able to climb the same rigging.

We had now moved to another house in Ny Vestergade (later changed to Tietgensgade in honor of the founder of The Great Northern Telegraph Co.). Moving had a

great attraction for us. Days before, we would help in uncarpeting the floor, the carpets being rolled and stored in the kitchen, where we would camp the night before the moving-van drove up. Outside our new home there was a large field on which the city stored its square-formed paving-stones. The field, being very large, with the stones, which came from the island Bornholm, arranged in big pyramidal heaps, afforded the most delightful playground, abounding in hidden nooks and vast amphitheatres. In the midst of the labyrinthine place there was a heap of disordered stones of all sizes, from gigantic flagstones to square paving-stones. Here we erected our stadion and began to cultivate foot-races. Our hero at that time was a certain fireman, who swelled his income by participating in foot-races in his spare time. He was by far the speediest runner I have ever heard of, and deserved the name of "Hurtiglöber Andersen" which the youth of Copenhagen bestowed upon him. Incredible tales were afloat about his extreme fleetness of foot; how he had outrun

a fire-team, being too late to board the team, but running after it and actually arriving at the place of fire ahead of the foaming horses.

The best runner of the boys was a certain Einar Pedersen, a sparely-built and frail-looking youngster, whom no one would credit with exceptional speed until he had seen him perform on the track. He ran as I have never seen any one run, in a style all his own, hardly bending his knees and entirely erect, and so smoothly did he pace along that nobody could escape wondering how he managed to keep himself far in front of his competitors with so little exertion. His closest competitor was Kristian Poulsen, the son of a master-butcher, and doubtless a bold spirit. Let me inform you that all over Denmark meat is sold by regular butchers, who keep a very clean store, usually provided with a sawdusted marble floor and stone walls, from which the butchers sell the meat of cattle they butcher two or three days in the week at the public slaughter-house in Copenhagen, called Kvägtorvet. In consequence of this the meat is always

fresh and juicy, cold-storage being something unknown, and I may add that nothing appears more strange and distasteful to a Scandinavian, and for that matter to a German, in coming to America than the way meat is sold here. It seems unclean, tasteless, and unappetizing, and you may not like to hear it, but no one from the consumer to the physicians and public authorities in Denmark would tolerate the way of dealing in frozen meat that has frequently been stored away for months, nay years. Hence the importation of Argentine frozen meat, which often was suggested, never became legal in Denmark.

But let me return to Kristian. He was a red-haired, freckled boy of an extremely militant temper. Fired by an indomitable desire to excel in manly sport and hardened through Scheiding's training, he planned to organize a society of venturesome boys, the club being framed along the lines of the Jomsvikings. These were a fraternity of exceptionally bold warriors in the king's train, who under Harald Blaatand (940-

985) had settled on an island at the mouth of the river Oder at the Baltic, from where they attacked the pagan Vends. Chief among the Jomsvikings was Palnatoke, of whom Saxo tells us many a wonderful tale, among which also is that of shooting an apple from the head of his own son. Membership in the Jomsvikings entailed an extremely trying initiation which actually sifted out every second-rate warrior, making the rest a select body of stalwart men who certainly could hold a candle to the famous Bersärkers of the prehistoric king Rolf Krake.

Now Kristian Poulsen tried to go the Jomsvikings one better. To be admitted to his gang called for far harder tests than the Boy Scouts demand, and almost as severe trials as the knights of old had to go through. Besides several gymnastic feats there were some actually dangerous stunts, which, had the parents known about it, most certainly would have put a sudden stop to the growth of the society. Steeple-jacking was one of the requisites, swimming across the harbor

another. Every member must provide a sling-shot, a javelin, and a crossbow, and these should all be made by the boys themselves. At the time when I was initiated into the order the "Three Musketeers" was the holy book of the society. Formerly it had been "The Last of the Mohicans" and Mayne Reid's "Scalp Hunters," but these had been put aside as not sufficiently advanced. About that time our friend Börresen gave me the incomparable boys' book by Rider Haggard, "King Solomon's Mines." I read it with a rapturous delight, after which I let it circulate among the boys, who heartily agreed in finding the book just enormously interesting. "King Solomon's Mines" was immediately placed beside Dumas' work, and the boys at once began to read every book of Haggard which they could lay their hands on. "Allan Quatermain" was the next and then came the turn of "Montezuma's Daughter." Beside these books there were two others which the boys revelled in reading, namely Dumas' "Monte Cristo," and a colossal opus by a forgotten

French author, Ponson du Terrail by name, a book consisting of, I think, not less than seventeen volumes, filled to the covers with thrilling and hair-raising adventures. The title of this stupendous book was "Rocambole," a work of which boys of the present generation know hardly anything.

Fired by the thrilling narrations in "King Solomon's Mines," the order resolved to stage the whole story at the stadion. Kristian impersonated "Allan," my brother was "Good," I assumed the rôle of "Sir Henry Curtis" (doing it rather unwillingly in anticipation of the mighty fight I had to face with "King Twala," impersonated by a tremendously husky fellow, who had to blacken his whole body with burnt cork), and the other members played as supernumeraries. The scene in the secret treasure-chamber of Solomon took place in an old stone-quarry hard by, and was not released without danger of the stones coming toppling down upon the actors.

All this was kept sedulously secret from the other boys in the school, who could not

but gaze in utter bewilderment as we initiated ones dubbed each other "Umslopogas," "Sir Henry," "Allan," and so on.

Kristian was indubitably something of a bully, though many characteristics of his atoned for it. He was, for instance, neither taller, stronger, nor heavier-built than the average boy, and he would never attack a boy smaller than himself. Consequently he bullied chiefly with his ferocious courage, which certainly was astounding. Not satisfied with being the acclaimed leader, he invented all kinds of special stunts for himself, even going so far as to inflict torture upon himself. One of these tortures impressed me so vividly that I still shudder in thinking of it. He smeared his right fist with green soap, after which he beat it with all possible force against a rough stucco wall till the blood burst from the knuckles. He, too, it was who introduced that silly custom of rubbing a certain spot on the wrist so long that there appeared a red wound. This was called a "Svendemärke" (the mark of a real "guy" or journeyman) and it soon be-

came the craze among the boys of Copenhagen, till the school-inspectors stopped the nonsense by administering severe corporal punishment for the appearance of a "Svendemärker."

A ruffian he certainly was, but behind his rough exterior there beat a courageous heart, harboring an incorruptible sense of justice and fairness. This I learned by fighting with him. For several months we had looked askance at one another, he always inviting me to fight him, while I constantly tried to evade the issue. At length the situation became so fraught with tension that it seemed unbearable. Fighting during the recess being impossible because of the sharp outlook of Teilman and Södring, we arranged to have a decisive settlement in the gymnastic-hour. It was Scheiding's habit to settle any account between struggling boys, and doing it in the only way that would satisfy both parties. So one day he spoke to this effect, our enmity having been noticed by his wary eyes: "Now, boys, if there is any one among you bearing a grudge to an-

other boy let him step forward and fight it out in a manly way."

He had hardly announced this when Kristian stood in the middle of the hall pulling up his shirt-sleeves and looking proudly about him.

"Well," continued Scheiding, "whom are you going to mill?"

I felt the eyes of the other boys resting on me as Kristian replied, "I need not give any names, but let him who considers me his worst enemy step forward."

There was no choice. I left the ranks, partly pushed on by those that stood nearest. The boys raised a tremendous cheer when I approached Kristian. With a peculiar weakness in my knees I strode forward, looking up to the ceiling and blinking at the sun that streamed in through the high-set open windows, forming a broad column of blinding light in which were seen millions of tiny dust-speckles, which we called Lepolejs. Casting a furtive glance along the row of boys, I at once perceived that even if I might get encouragement there, pity or

commiseration, there was none. The faces of the other boys were as hard-set and pitiless as I imagine must have been the case among the spectators of a gladiatorial encounter in ancient Rome. And looking at Scheiding, I could not help thinking of Cæsar himself and his ominous thumb.

The ring had been arranged in a hurry. It consisted of two heavy mats put together. Scheiding assumed the rôle of umpire and referee. The fight was to be wrestling, catch-as-catch-can style, no kicking or scratching being tolerated. I sized up my antagonist. He certainly looked game, his reddish hair standing up like bristles and his face set in a firm, bloodthirsty grimace. Lithe he was, and agile in the extreme, and from his wiry arms I could judge that there lurked an uncommon stamina behind his slim appearance. Realizing that there was no hope of his giving quarter I rushed upon him, securing a hold around his waist. As this hold (Undertag), called under-arm-grip, commonly is enough to effect a quick decision it seemed natural that Kristian

exerted his utmost power to release himself, getting one of his arms under mine, thus securing a mixed arm-grip. The fight was furious. Time and again I would try to lift my opponent from the floor, and he in his turn of course would attempt the same. Whenever one of us tried to apply an unfair grip or trip Scheiding was there with a loud warning, and "Fies!" and "Fouls!" would echo down the walls, as the other boys shouted these epithets. At length I thought I could not stand it any longer; my neck was sore from Kristian's incessant hanging on it and my knees trembled so that I could scarcely keep myself upright. But to give in would mean a perpetual surrender; it would mean nothing less than that Kristian would forever consider himself superior, and bully me without any provocation. How glad I should have felt if some one had stepped in and interrupted the fight! I would gladly have considered a draw, nay even being pointed out, could I but avoid being floored. But no one made the slightest sign to have the encounter discontinued, even Scheiding

seemed bent on seeing the thing through, and whenever I snatched a moment from the fight to look at the other boys I met nothing but hardened looks, impassive and hope-forbidding eyes, to which it would be vain to plead for mercy.

I had of course my party among the boys, some adherents who wanted to see me lick the bully, and now and then some of these tried to encourage me with words somewhat to this effect: "Now give him what he deserves, Herluf; give it to him from all of us and so that he won't come back."

Nor did Kristian lack supporters, and these would scream rather ferociously, "Butcher him, Kristian, chop him to sausages and eat him."

Scheiding was perfectly neutral, though I harbored a small hope that he would like to see me win.

There is in any kind of fight a moment, and it may come sooner or later, in which everything depends upon a quick and decisive enlisting of all available forces, both of the body and of the mind. This moment

may be, and has been, called with a certain justification the psychological moment. And that moment came here, too. It was born out of hope and common-sense. Whenever I looked at Kristian, I saw his chin firmly set and his eyes filled with a cruel determination. At first this had scared me and bereft me entirely of any hope of a happy ending, but as I meditated deeper it struck me as quite natural that Kristian, too, must needs feel exhausted, that the fight was bound to have a telling effect on his system, too. And that settled it. Taking a long breath, and enlisting the reserve forces which lie dormant in most persons and which so very rarely are put into one single effort, I concentrated my action into one mighty grip, lifted Kristian bodily in the air and hurled him to the floor with great force. My action came so unexpected that it took him entirely by surprise, and so it came about that I followed it up with a hasty maneuver which brought both of his shoulders in contact with the mat. I then placed myself astride upon his body pressing him down with all my

force and weight. And there he remained, for it was now evident that the terrible Kristian considered himself beaten.

"Nine!" cried Scheiding, "I give you nine for wrestling, Herluf."

But as Kristian arose to shake hands with me, I could not help feeling embarrassed. Not that I did not like to have won, but I should much have preferred to see the match declared a tie. And I am certain that I was far more exhausted than he was.

CHAPTER V

SUMMER VACATIONS

My earliest memories of vacations spent outside Copenhagen take me back to a summer in Rungsted, a small fishing-place some fifteen miles north of Copenhagen, where the celebrated poet Johannes Ewald lived his last years and wrote his beautiful tragedy "The Fishers," in which occurs the Danish National Hymn "King Kristian," which Longfellow translated.

Not far from the hotel a dense forest stretched to Hörsholm, a small village where Kristian VII had built a magnificent castle. We used to roam about in the forest, and our favorite seat was a large stone bench, said to have been erected during the reign of a pre-historic king. From that bench there was the most splendid view over the Sound as far as the island Hveen, where the astronomer Tycho Brahe used to live and

where he had erected his famous observatory, Uranienborg, and the not less famous subterranean Stjerneborg, whence he could see the stars in broad daylight. From that summer I still cherish one sweet remembrance. It was a night in August and there raged an appalling thunderstorm. All the guests had gathered in the large hall of the hotel from which could be seen the sea. Every now and then a mighty flash of lightning would flash across the sky and bury itself with a truly appalling hissing in the sea while the thunderous echo reverberated from the dense forest. At my side sat a small girl of my own age. Her name was Rosa, and her father was a well-known dentist in the city. I was hopelessly in love with her,—hopeless, because I did not dare to declare my feelings. The tender and shy love of an eight-year-old boy with all the well-known sweet and blissful unrest.

But the real boyish vacations when we were sent out in the country on our own account, did not begin till we had reached our

tenth year. At that age my brother and I spent the summer vacation, which in Denmark lasts about six weeks, with a market-gardener in Hellerup, at that time rather outside Copenhagen but now incorporated in the city as a suburb. The gardener, whose name was Oscar Harts, and his wife Emma formed a strange marital couple. Harts was a tall, bony man with a glint of ferocity in his deep-set eyes. He was immensely strong and possessed a most ugly temper. Once he seized a wagon-shaft and ran after a turkey gobbler, brandishing the shaft in the most frantic manner and swearing fearfully. His wife was his opposite. She came of a good family and had enjoyed a fine education. Not only did she play the piano most skilfully but she was, too, an accomplished artist, specializing in landscape and "nature morte," and she conversed fluently in French. Often she would stand for half an hour before the mirror dressing her hair, during which she would let it fall down her back in thick glossy plaits, and with her beautiful nut-brown eyes and olive

complexion she resembled most of anything a Gypsy princess or some wild and strange beauty from fairyland forlorn. How these two came to agree was, even then, past my understanding.

Harts employed a Swedish horticulturist who displayed an astounding many-sidedness. He was certainly a funny fellow. As a berry-picker he was matchless, though we frequently found reason to regret that he did his best to instill into us his own indefatigable diligence, quite forgetting that our parents were paying for us and that we in consequence had come to enjoy the vacation and not to serve as pickers. When we had volunteered to pick and thought we had cleared a bush with black currants pretty thoroughly he would come up towards us, examine the bush cursorily and exclaim, "Do you call this picking, boys? Why, there is a wagon-load of berries left, you rascals."

On the premises there was a beautiful yellow horse, called Klaus. Often I saw the Swede open Klaus' mouth and fill it with

snuff, which Klaus seemed to enjoy hugely, for he smacked his tongue as though asking for more of the same stuff.

Klaus had to pull the cart on which the products of the truck-gardening was marketed daily. It was mostly Mrs. Harts who did the marketing, her husband being occupied in the hothouses. She was an expert driver, and by sitting on the box at her side during the daily peddling I soon learned how to drive a horse. She spoke to Klaus as though he understood all she said. "Ova, little Klaus" meant to back up when the wagon was going down-hill. And this the horse understood perfectly well. Every now and then she would call the horse to stop outside a house and order us to bring up some baskets of strawberries, peas and string-beans or what else she had and offer for sale. I was a poor salesman, did not like peddling, and always felt glad when nobody answered my knocking. Maybe I should have proved a better salesman had she offered us some commission, but this she never did. When the trading-route carried us

down among the roads that bore down upon the Sound I never failed to have a look on the Tuborg Bottle which stood there yet. But how far-away and long ago it did seem since I had been up there. A whole lifetime, though but four years parted us from '88.

Once as Mrs. Harts felt sick she sent us alone with the wagon. Of course we did not sell anything, we simply refrained from trying, finding it a more congenial pastime to drive Klaus along the winding roads at top speed. Now and then we would alternately shout "Strawberries, Peas, String-beans!" But we never deigned to peddle the vegetables in the houses nor did we stop Klaus when somebody responded to our offers. I remember an old fat woman appearing with a large basket. She evidently had come from her house in response to our loud shouts with strawberries and now she came to trade with us. But her intention came utterly to naught. My brother whipped Klaus, I assisting valorously with a strong "Get up, Klaus!" and the poor woman had not the

least chance of keeping up with us. After a frantic effort she realized the futility of her attempt and gave up the race, the perspiration running down her brows. Of course our strange behavior was duly reported to Mrs. Harts when she appeared along the route the following day, and she did not fail to upbraid us. "Well, boys, why didn't you try to sell something yesterday?" she inquired.

"But we did," we assured her. "We really did our best, peddling just as you've taught us to. But somehow or other Klaus would not stop, no matter how many times we said, 'Ova, little Klaus, Ova, Ova.'"

"But you whipped the horse whenever some one came up to trade, I was told!"

"We certainly did," replied my brother, "but he did not pay the slightest attention, and then we whipped him more as a punishment."

Some time after this I accompanied Harts on a tour in the city. He had many calls to make and so it became late before he set

out on the return. He chose the Lyngbyvej instead of the customary Strandvej and I could not help finding his ways very peculiar. Outside a small house on the road, situated just where the city ends and the country began he brought Klaus to a stop, and handing me the reins he repaired to the house. An hour went by and still he had not come back. Now and then somebody would open the door and I could hear loud voices and merry laughter from within. A heavy odor of rum-toddy permeated the atmosphere. The air was chilly, for it was in autumn and late at night. I felt so utterly lonesome and miserable sitting there on the box with the reins in my benumbed hands. Klaus stamped impatiently, and repeatedly I had to appease him. A hundred times I thought of going into the house to remind Harts of my presence or at least make it known that I was out there waiting, but my courage failed me every time. Another hour passed, and a distant church-bell struck twelve. At length, unable to stand it any longer, I sneaked down, gave a heavy knock on the

door and hurried back on the box, the reins in my hands, as if I had never left the seat for a moment. Somebody appeared in the doorway. I coughed to make my presence felt and to my satisfaction I soon saw Harts coming out. He was beastly drunk, but Klaus knowing the way, we somehow managed to arrive safely.

One day, I think it was in August, and a bright sunny day I know it was, the Swedish horticulturist was taking the wagon into the city to bring home a load of horse-manure. Would we accompany him? Surely we would. We arrived duly at the old cavalry-barracks not far from the Citadel where the Swede got a load. Taking the shortest road home he drove Klaus across the Kongens Nytorv, my brother and I sitting on the top of the load, barefooted. The clean-swept Kongens Nytorv was thronged with well-dressed promenaders, ladies in bright summer dresses and gentlemen with stovepipe hats and silver-handled canes. It was between two and four P. M., the promenading-hour for the well-to-do idlers in

Copenhagen taking their daily constitutional along Bredgade to Langelinie, where they took in the sight of the cutters belonging to the Danish yacht club, before retiring to a long-drawn-out siesta. Behind "Hesten" we could see the sidewalk along Hotel Angleterre crowded with merry guests who sipped their coffee under the awning of the famous hotel. Let me state that in Copenhagen, as in Paris and most Continental cities, the bigger restaurants serve their guests on the sidewalk in the summer-time.

The cart with the manure-load drove slowly up, passing along Angleterre. Of a sudden I espied my mother sitting with a lady friend at her coffee under the awning. Shouting at the top of my voice I cried: "Hello, Mother!"

I saw her stir, turn her head, and for a brief moment our eyes met. Then, unfaltering, she turned her back to us, engrossing herself in conversing with her friend.

My brother took up the hailing, with a still louder voice, causing several of the promenaders to stop and take a look at us.

"Hello, Mother, can't you see us? Here we are."

But his hailing, too, drew no answer.

I was just trying to do better when I realized that she intentionally refrained from recognizing us, and with a bashful smile we drove on, deeply mortified at her disowning us.

The Harts house was surrounded by a tall, thorny hedge, rendering it invisible from the road, Tranegaardsvej, but permitting a glimpse from the train that sped past the premises. Harts, notwithstanding his being a horticulturist, never cut the hedge, letting it grow unhampered. Many years after, in the year 1914, I was startled by reading in the papers about a gruesome event that had taken place on Tranegaardsvej. A truck-gardener, Oscar Harts by name, had killed his wife and himself in a frenzy of madness. For days the corpses had lain undiscovered, for the couple led a solitary life, refusing to associate with the neighbors, and the hedge had grown into a

[illegible] wilderness, hiding the house as w[illegible] inscrutable bower.

One summer we spent in a beautiful mansion just outside Elsinore as the guests of a friend, Fridtjof Börresen, whose father had for many years been a missionary in Santhalistan, India. Börresen was the best friend a boy could wish for; no one could tell stories as he could, knowing as he did all of "Hauff," "Arabian Nights," "El Cid," and the Hindu legends by heart. Moreover he was a very talented artist in black-and-white, and I still have in my possession some drawings he made of us that summer (1895). From an elevated spot in the garden we could look over to Helsingborg in Sweden and with the aid of a telescope one could read the time on the clock of the church-tower in the Swedish city.

Börresen would often take us down to Kronborg, the mighty castle which Frederik II built to enforce toll on all passing ships. Underneath the castle there were

some awful gloomy and spacious casemates, which were used as dungeons during the Swedish occupation of Kronborg, and there is still shown an intensely black wedge-shaped casemate in front of which is seen a spiked grate-fence, behind which the brave Ole Stenvinkel was kept captive by the Swedes. But the greatest attraction of Kronborg was, at least for boys, the huge stone table at which Holger Danske is reported to have been sitting, his beard growing into the stone plate. There he sits dreaming, and shall not awake until Denmark is in need and his help is called for, for Holger Danske is the hero-protector of Denmark.

Hamlet we did not pay much attention to, nor did we believe in the authenticity of Ophelia's spring, which is close by. That Shakespeare might have been at Elsinore with a strolling troop of actors is possible, yes, even likely, but the place cannot have lingered in his memory when he wrote "Hamlet," for nowhere around the castle is there any precipice, the bastion being the

KRONBORG CASTLE AT ELSINORE.
Here imaginative tourists may fancy they see the spectre of Hamlet at night.

THE EXCHANGE.
Built by Christian IV. The spire consists of three intertwined copper dragons taken from the Swedes in war.

highest spot, and one has to go several miles northward to Gilleleje before one meets with anything that at all resembles cliffs. Yet, there is a possibility that Shakespeare may have been at Kullen in Sweden, just across the Sound, which at Elsinore is but a mile and a half broad, for Kullen is a real precipitous mountain of considerable ruggedness and affording the dismal aspect of which the dramatist speaks.

The summer vacation at Elsinore had, however, been so altogether delightful, that it was no wonder that my parents the following year answered an advertisement from Hellebäksvang, a place some ten miles outside Elsinore, calling for paying guests. That vacation at Hellebäksvang, however, proved a dismal failure, and, since I still possess a diary from that time, I shall explain the why and wherefore, in quoting verbatim from that document:

"July 15, 1896. Arrived at Hellebäksvang and at once found it a disagreeable place. The landlady, Mrs. Olsen, appeared

much too authoritative and some of the guests, among which in particular we find cause to name a veterinary surgeon, Mr. H. and an English-speaking middle-aged lady were so tedious and stuck-up that we simply could not stand it. The table talk, too, was most wearisome. At once we decided to desert the place. Breakfast over, we packed our trunk, and when the bell rang for dinner we followed the call, intent on using the opportunity to flee while the guests and Mrs. Olsen were at the table. My brother Henry finished his dinner quickly, feigning no appetite, and went out to hide the trunk among the bushes in the wood. I followed a short while after. I hailed him quietly, upon which he replied with a whistle. Going after the sound, I found him in the thicket. The trunk was rather heavy, weighing some forty pounds, and so we cut a stick, thrust it between the handles and proceeded on our way, carrying the trunk at the ends of the stick. When we had walked for about an hour we met the landlady. She sat in a wagon and had been down to the railway station in Elsinore to receive some new guests. She asked where we were going, to which we answered that we were on our way to Mr. Börresen with some collars. Fortunately she did not inquire why we carried a few collars in the trunk all that long way.

Emerging from the forest we came out on the dusty highway and suffered very much from the heat. The trunk by now had become so heavy that we had to rest every hundred yards or so. An old peasant woman in a house we passed felt pity for us and offered us a glass of light home-brewed beer. When at length we arrived at Elsinore we learned to our great dismay that we had not money enough to buy railroad tickets for Copenhagen. We hurried down to the harbor to inquire after the fare with the steamer. It was cheaper than by rail, but counting our money we found that we were still eight öre short. How, then, should we be able to come back to Copenhagen? I got the idea to go into the post-office and offer a new eight-öre stamp for sale. Telling the clerk in charge about our predicament he kindly cashed the stamp, thus enabling us to buy two steamship tickets. The steamship trip was glorious and we had the pleasure to see Prince Heinrich, brother to Emperor Wilhelm, who, accompanied by Commander Neuhaus, made the trip as an ordinary passenger. He spoke very kindly to us, who took him for a sea-captain, and it was not till the following day, when we saw his picture in the paper and read about his visit to Kronborg the preceding day that we realized with whom we had spoken so unrestrainedly. For

Heinrich, being a Schleswig-Holsteiner, spoke Danish excellently."

When we arrived home, carrying the heavy trunk all through Copenhagen, we found the doors locked. Knocking with all our powers we soon attracted the attention of some neighbors who appeared to inform us that our parents had left the preceding day for a holiday in Saxony. They would stay away some three weeks, in consequence of which Kristine, the maid-servant, had left for Jutland to visit her family. All this the neighbors told us with the greatest indifference, smiling blandly as our faces became as long as our arms. We were tired out and at a loss as to what to do. Sitting down on the stairs we held a short council, in which it was resolved that we should proceed at once to our aunt, Mrs. Möller, whom we would tell all about our late vicissitudes, leaving it to her to find a way out of the mess. Leaving the trunk in care of our baker we at once made for aunt and found her at home. She could not help laughing at our predicament.

"But why didn't you stay at Hellebäks-

vang, boys?" she asked. To which we answered that the other guests had proved themselves a perfect nuisance, particularly the English-speaking lady and the conceited Mr. H. Again she laughed, upon which she proceeded to outline her plan. She had just answered an advertisement from a summer hotel not far from the city, which offered accommodations for a very reasonable price. The place in question was Örholm Kro, about eight miles from Copenhagen. She furnished the railway fare to Holte station from where we went through the dense Geels-woods, a walk of some forty minutes. At length we espied the Kro (inn) which lay among some steep hillocks. The landlord, who admitted knowing our aunt from her correspondence, received us very kindly. The terms were so ridiculously low, that I doubt it will win credence when I state that the landlord asked two crowns (about sixty cents) a day. For that amount he furnished a nice room and three square meals. Breakfast consisted of coffee and a dozen thickly buttered rolls and soft-boiled eggs. Dinner

was mostly beefsteak and strawberries with cream, or fried lamb with cucumber-salad and Rödgröd (the national summer-dish in Denmark made in pudding form of raspberries, currants, and a little flour, the whole covered with cream and sugar). For supper, sandwiches and tea were served. And let me say at once that Danish sandwiches (Smörrebröd) are equalled nowhere in the wide world. They consist of buttered bread-slices covered richly with veal and cucumber-salad, slices of beefsteak, shrimps, smoked salmon, Roquefort and Swiss cheese (imported), etc. It is not too much to say that a dish of Danish sandwiches will cause most people's mouths to water.

Örholm was a beautiful place, though the landlord, a former steamship-steward, certainly had gone too far in calling his hotel "The Danish Switzerland." For albeit the inn nested among some rather steep hills covered with firs, it was only with a very wide stretch of imagination that one could get the high-sounding epithet to agree with the reality. Nor would even the most sym-

pathetic summer-guest be able to associate the view of the bleak mill-pond that fronted the inn with Lake Geneva.

This pond provided water-power for the old Örholm paper-mill that stood close beside the hotel, and where we used to spend many an idle hour listening to the incessant drone of the huge machinery, playing the most elaborate symphonies while it transformed the pulp into fine-quality paper. The chief engineer we soon became very fast friends with, which, however, did not prevent him from playing a nasty trick on us.

Once we had made a wager with him that we could row across the pond in less than five minutes. All went very well to start with, I rowing, as the most experienced in naval matters, while my brother kept a close eye upon his timepiece, now and then giving a sharp jerk with the rudder. Of a sudden the boat stuck and I was constantly "catching owls" which is a Danish nautical term for dipping the oars so deep in the water that they are only drawn up with great difficulty. Looking about me I saw the engineer stand-

ing at the shore, laughing diabolically. He had pumped almost all the water out of the pond, and the keel of the boat was soon grating in the mud. With but one foot of water it proved extremely hard to reach the shore. We did not do it in time and consequently we lost the wager. The terms had been that the engineer should pay us one crown if we won, and we should stroll around in the pine-woods surrounding the inn from twelve to one o'clock in the night if we lost.

And thereby hangs a tale, to wit: Many years ago, in the dim past, a paymaster at the paper-mill had been robbed and killed by a highwayman called Ole Kolleröd. Old people could still point out the spot where the paymaster had been held up and slain; it was in a deep, sombre ravine, shadowed by overhanging fir-banks.

Not daunted, and fearing lest the engineer should call us cowards we sneaked out from the hotel a little before midnight and started the ugly night-walk. To check us up, the engineer had asked us to visit him in the mill at twelve o'clock (the mill was running both

day and night), where he would hand us his own cap, which in turn we were to hang upon a branch of a certain tree in the ravine. We proceeded silently, not daring to speak loud for fear of awaking the guests in the hotel, still I must admit that it was with a creepy feeling we approached the ravine where every step caused the myriads of fir-needles to squeak under our shoes in a most dismal manner. The ravine was filled with bats that flitted by, weak-eyed, and stroking us with their clammy leathern wings, and here and there we perceived a musing owl, perched high, its round, fiery eyes transfixing us. Fortunately he did not hoot, for that, I think, would have made us turn away in a maddened flight. The night was pitch-dark, so we could only discern the surroundings dimly. But all the while it was as if somebody followed close at our heels; we heard the needles creak behind us but dared not to turn to see what caused it.

At length we could not stand it any longer and, unable to resist the temptation, we turned to see what was creeping at our heels.

What we perceived filled us with an unspeakable terror. There, just behind us, loomed a gigantic man of unearthly appearance. He swung a huge club in front of us and held both of us nailed to the spot, transfixed by his luminous glance. What we said I cannot remember, but that this terrible apparition surely must be Rubezahl, the monstrous ghost which haunted the Riesengebirge in Germany and of whom my father and our friend Börresen had told us so much, I could not doubt, provided it wasn't the sinister Ole Kolleröd himself.

"Ho, ho!" growled the apparition, "so you small rascals are out here at midnight, trespassing Ole Kolleröd's haunts! Come, let me cut your throats and eat you raw."

But notwithstanding these fearful words, he ought never to have uttered them, for that speech settled it. The voice revealed him, and in an instant we recognized our friend the engineer. He had disguised himself most cleverly, increasing his great bulk by donning a big cloak, and his eyebrows were rubbed with phosphorus.

"Well, Hansen," exclaimed my brother, "the game is up. If you hadn't spoken it is not at all improbable that you might have succeeded in scaring us away, but that voice of yours. . . ."

The engineer at once gave in. "Brave lads you are," he cried shaking our hands vehemently, "for I never thought you would actually dare to walk around here at midnight."

He followed us home to the hotel and on bidding us good-night he told us to come and see him at the mill the following morning.

"It is my day off," he added, "so bring that little toy steam-engine of yours with you and I'll fix it."

Neither of us could get a wink of sleep that night. We thought of the dismal haunts of the infamous robber Ole Kolleröd, but more than that did we speak about our steam-engine and Hansen's promise to put it in shape. So when the day at length broke we hurried down to an early breakfast, after which we called at the paper-mill. Hansen received us with open arms and not only did

he fix the engine in an incredibly short time, causing us infinite pleasure by making it work smoothly, but as it was his day off he invited us to walk with him down to the seashore at Klampenborg. It was a splendid day and a never-to-be-forgotten hike. Across the Eremitage plain where the lovely Eremitage château stands on an elevated spot, through the Ermelund, down to Skovshoved where we talked with the fishers, finally arriving at Klampenborg. The engineer showed himself a veritable spendthrift. Finding a seat in the beautiful Bellevue garden that lies directly at the shore he rang for the waiter. "And now, boys, say what you want to eat. Just tell what are your favorite dishes and you shall have them."

The waiter came running, a napkin across his left sleeve and a long white apron from his hips to his ankles. From a block of paper he tore a long, long strip and placed this on the table. This paper was what is called a "Smörrebrödsseddel" (sandwich-bill-of-fare) and as it contained forty-eight items

it goes without saying that it was as long as one's arm. Bellevue was justly famous for its dainty smörrebröd and encouraged by Hansen's jolly "Now, boys, just write down what you want, for to-day you are the guests of the first engineer at the Örholm paper-mill," we both started to pick out the greatest dainties from the menu. "I take two rye-bread with smoked eels and scrambled eggs," my brother said. "And I two pieces of brown bread with smoked salmon," I added. Next my brother chose one piece with caviar, one with Philippe Canaud sardines, one with steak and cucumber-salad, two with Holstein cheese and one with Camembert. And to outbalance this I chose two with double-rowed shrimps, one with liver-paste, and truffles, one with ham and eggs, one with Italian-salad, one with Rullepölse (a sort of sausage that makes the mouths of most Danes water) and two sandwiches with cheese, respectively Gorgonzola and Edam. These sandwiches are all heavily buttered and nicely cut in slices about the size of a postal-card. And this Lucullean

meal we washed down with three cups of coffee and two bottles of lemonade. The engineer, despising sandwiches for something more substantial, demanded a regular pound-beefsteak, done rare, with a dish of mealy potatoes and a bottle of the sparkling, light yellow Tuborg-Pilsener beer.

The meal finished, he paid the bill, telling the waiter who made a curious face at the sight of the quickly emptied dishes that we were his foster-sons, whom he had taken out in recompense of a truly astounding feat of courage for such small fellows. I still see the waiter rubbing his nose at the recital of the engineer, as he enlarged upon our flight from Hellebäksvang and the nocturnal quest for Ole Kolleröd. But when Hansen added a most liberal tip to the bill the waiter made a reverential bow, dubbing our donor, "Sir Engineer"!

Hansen now demanded some exercise and took us to the bowling alley where he played at ninepins for half an hour, initiating us into the secret of throwing the ball so that he at will could make the ball strike and fell all

the pins around the king, the three long ones, which means the fore-corner, the king and the one just behind it, eight around the fore-corner (a smaller pin at the front), and finally all nine. He could make the ball describe such a strange circuitous path along the board that he was able to foretell if it would strike at the left side of the pins or at the right side, respectively called venstre Spänd and höjre Spänd. The bowling over, we went for a swim from the bathing house. The engineer was an expert swimmer, in whose presence we felt no fear whatever, in going out far beyond our depth. The water was so clear and green that we could see the bottom even as far out as the bridge-head where the Copenhagen steamer docked for passengers, its screw churning the clear water to fluid marble.

On the way home we had coffee with pastry and iced-cakes, and when the moon came out as we passed across the Eremitage plain we agreed that we had never spent a better day, taken all in all.

Our next vacation was spent in the real country, a two-hours' railroad-ride out from the city, on a farm at Aasö, some distance from the old Seeland city Ringsted. Here we became part and parcel of the daily rural routine, as the following excerpts from my diary will tend to show:

"23/7. Arose at 6. Bathed in the marl-pit. Gathered sheaves in the field and watered the horses. Breakfast, fried bacon. Climbed to the top of a tree, 48 feet high. Dinner, ox-meat soup and boiled meat with horseradish-gravy. Played in the barn for an hour. At evening I jumped down from an open window on a dare; sixteen feet from the ground. Father sent us one of Samuel Smiles' books.

"27/7. Arose at 6. Thomas, the son of the peasant, was up about an hour before us. We lay awake watching him dress and saw that he delved into our trunk, which stood under our bed, and extracted a letter from our parents which he began to read with a stealthy glance at us. Breakfast, bacon. Bathed in the marl-pit. Rode the colt home from the field. In the afternoon with Thomas on the wagon with some tubs of butter which he placed at the roadside half a mile from the farmhouse, where the An-

delsmand (coöperative-man) from the dairy will fetch it. We don't like the peasant's spreading our bread with margarine when they are churning lots of butter for the co-operatives. The peasant asked us to lead the cattle down to the water to let them drink, but the cows were so boisterous that we were scared.

"9/8. Up at half-past four to see the solar-eclipse. It lasted a little more than a minute. Bathed in the marl-pit. Coffee and bread in the morning. Breakfast, sandwiches. Dinner, stockfish and fried bacon. Mellemmad (a rural luncheon served at four P. M.) bread spread with fat. Supper, tea and bread. Donned a pair of new white trousers this day. Was weighed, and tipped the scale at 76 lbs. (38 kilogram). Rode on the harrow in the field for two hours. Retired quarter-past nine. Sunshine, and very hot all the day.

"11/8. Up at 7. Twice in the field to help gather sheaves. Bathed in the marl-pit. Wrote four letters. Got a package of newspapers from Copenhagen. Struck against the peasant, refusing to work in the field when our parents paid for our maintenance. Soon again on good terms with him. In the afternoon I went down to the smithy in Aasö. The blacksmith gave me a horseshoe after I had held a hammer in straight arm for

five minutes. Walked on my hands and was taught a new jumping trick by the smith. Holding a stick in both hands, I jumped over it without slipping either end. Supper, pancakes and tea. After supper the girls asked us to sing for them. It was outside the farmhouse, and we were sitting on the harrow. We sang some of the songs learned at school, but on discovering the girls giggling we stopped. We have decided never to sing any more for the girls, if they ask us ever so much. Bought a file for 5 öre and for 4 öre, sandpaper. Sine and Stine, daughters of the peasant, taught us how to milk the cows. Went to bed at 10.

"13/8. Up at 6. Took leave of all the animals, especially of the poor little neglected cat and the old watch-dog 'Trofast.' Went out in the field and patted all the cows and the horses farewell. Paid Lars Hansen, the peasant, the money my mother had sent for our stay at the farmhouse, upon which he handed us 25 öre. He drove us to the railway station, where we boarded the train at 5.7 P. M. and arrived at Copenhagen at 7.45."

THE CANAL.
Encircling Thorwaldsen's Museum and Christiansborg Castle.

CHAPTER VI

HERO-WORSHIP

Poor indeed, and lacking in essential realism would my attempt to describe boy-days in Denmark be, if I did not mention the heroes worshipped by us.

Two kinds of heroes did we pay homage to: the historic, immortal ones, and the ephemeral heroes, that fittingly might be termed kings for a day in the public favor.

I shall begin by dwelling upon the heroes in the first class. Whoever has read Saxo cannot but agree that Denmark from time immemorial was a country which bred heroes and worshipped them. The Northern mythology, which may be named together with the Hellenic mythology, alone bespeaks this fact in a satisfactory way. Valor was ever considered the highest manly virtue, and it was the fear of dying in his bed that drove the saga-hero Stärkodder to die standing,

slain by enemies in the battle. But the Danish history, too, though it is far less known to foreigners than the chronicles of Saxo, tells of many a brave hero, from the days of Valdemar the Victorious to Niels Kjeldsen, a private dragoon, who, refusing to surrender, was killed by superior forces in the last war with Germany, 1864.

Most conspicuous among all the heroes of Danish history, Tordenskjold and Villemoes stand forth in the eyes of boys.

Tordenskjold (Thunder-shield) especially, by virtue of his daring and resolution, must appeal strongly to all boys. He was born in Norway, which for more than four centuries was united with Denmark, and his parents had destined him for the trade of a tailor. When Frederik IV, who reigned from 1699 to 1730, visited Norway, Tordenskjold sneaked aboard one of the royal ships and came to Copenhagen, where he entered the naval school as a cadet. Already during his early boyhood he had displayed that undaunted valor which later made him famous throughout all Scandinavia. His name,

then, was Peder Vessel, Tordenskjold being the name under which he was knighted by the king. Innumerable amusing stories are told of his boyhood, of which I shall mention only one. His father, who obviously had some reason to complain of his frequent wearing out of his trousers, had bought the boy a pair of strong leathern pants, expecting these to last for an indefinite period. Peder, however, thought otherwise, and to disprove his parent's faith he placed himself on a grindstone and had the trousers worn out in less than a day.

During the great northern war, which ended in 1721, Tordenskjold was put in command of a frigate, performing many daring and clever exploits. Once when laying siege to Marstrand he disguised himself as a fishmonger, and by this ruse he obtained a detailed view of the Swedish batteries, which soon enabled him to take the city. The fort, Karlsten, however, held out still. Tordenskjold again invented a clever stratagem. Dispatching one of his officers to the commandant of Karlsten he told how hope-

less it would be to hold the fort against his numberless army. Would the commandant deign to come and inspect Tordenskjold's troops? The commandant agreed, and so well did Tordenskjold treat his foe that he became rather blur-eyed. In that condition, the commandant was unable to detect that the soldiers he saw, as he was led from one street to another, were the same, they having hurried around the corner to take up a parade position.

"Why, there must be at least twenty thousand soldiers," exclaimed the unsuspecting Swede, rubbing his eyes.

"Twenty thousand!" cried Tordenskjold. "Better say 40,000, and you'll be nearer the right number."

"If that be the case, I think it is hopeless to resist you, sir," continued the commandant.

"And indeed it is, for you would have to contend against the entire Danish army!" assured Tordenskjold.

Upon which the commandant surrendered the fort to Tordenskjold. And since that

day such a bluff is, in Denmark, called "soldiers of Tordenskjold."

The hero died young. After a brief career, rich in surprising exploits and valorous feats, he fell in a duel with a Swedish Colonel Stahl, a notorious gambler whom Tordenskjold had denounced in vehement terms. Tordenskjold lies buried beside Niels Juel, another great naval hero, in the garden of Holmen's Church. This garden is surrounded by a tall iron-spiked fence. On this place hangs a tale. Many and many a year ago a company of merry students passed by the Holmen's Church on their way home from a banquet in the close-by Academic Club. They were in high spirits and, talking of courage, one asked if any one dared to scale the rail and proceed to the graves of Tordenskjold and Niels Juel. One of the young men volunteered at once. He was a good climber and in a moment he had climbed the fence. "Here," cried one of the company, handing him a heavy, spiked cane, "take this with you and when you leave the tomb thrust the stick in the earth

as a proof that you really did go close to the grave."

The man disappeared in an instant. It was a dark, stormy night, and just a few minutes after twelve. The other men stood huddling around, intently listening for the steps of their comrade, when suddenly a fearful shriek pierced the air. Beside themselves with terror, and no one courageous enough to scale the fence and brave the supernatural dangers that lurked within, they ran to the sexton, telling him about the wager and asking him to open the gate and see what had happened. The sexton lighted a lantern and opening the gate he proceeded towards the two tombs followed by the students. On arriving at the grave they found their comrade stretched on the frozen ground. He was stone-dead. "Heart-failure," mumbled one of the men, a medical student. "But how did that happen?" A closer inspection revealed the fact that the spiked cane stood erect in the ground. It had penetrated the dead man's greatcoat, boring a hole straight through. To this day

no explanation has been found, but the most satisfactory solution of the mystery appears to be that the man, after having reached the tomb, lifted up the cane to thrust it into the hard-frozen earth, but in doing so he drove the spike through his open coat, not noticing it. In turning to leave the place he felt himself held back, and believing it was a disembodied spirit that held him, he fell victim to an indescribable fear, dropping dead instantly.

Peter Villemoes is perhaps the best-loved among all Denmark's heroes. Scarcely seventeen years old was he when he fought as lieutenant in the battle at Copenhagen, 1801. It was during the Napoleonic wars, and Denmark-Norway had always kept themselves perfectly neutral, prospering by trade and commerce. This, however, did not agree with the British politicians who by crafty maneuvers compelled Denmark to give up her hegemony at the Baltic. Dispatching Admiral Hyde Parker and the famous Nelson with a mighty fleet it came to the great battle of Copenhagen. And here

the great Nelson nearly found his Waterloo, for, no matter what English children are taught, every Danish boy knows that the battle at Copenhagen was won by the Danish. They not only know it, but can prove it as a historical and indisputable fact. And in this belief they are supported by Admiral Fisher, First Sea Lord, and no mean authority to be sure. Here is what Lord Fisher has to say touching on this subject on page 66 in his widely read "Memories":

"Nelson did attack Copenhagen and was really beaten, but he bluffed the Danish Crown Prince and came out ostensibly as victor. Nelson's Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hyde Parker, knew Nelson was beaten and signalled to him to retreat, but Nelson disobeyed orders, as he did at St. Vincent, and with equal judgment."

It was during this battle that the boy Villemoes put his small gunboat close at the side of Nelson's mighty man-of-war, the *Elephant,* and belabored it so violently that Nelson actually was at a loss as to what to do in return.

But he fooled the mad king Kristian VII by assuring him that he would bombard Copenhagen (he, the defeated!) if the king did not order the Danish to cease fighting. And in this stratagem he was successful. Had Villemoes disobeyed both his commander-in-chief and his king, the world's history would read otherwise nowadays.

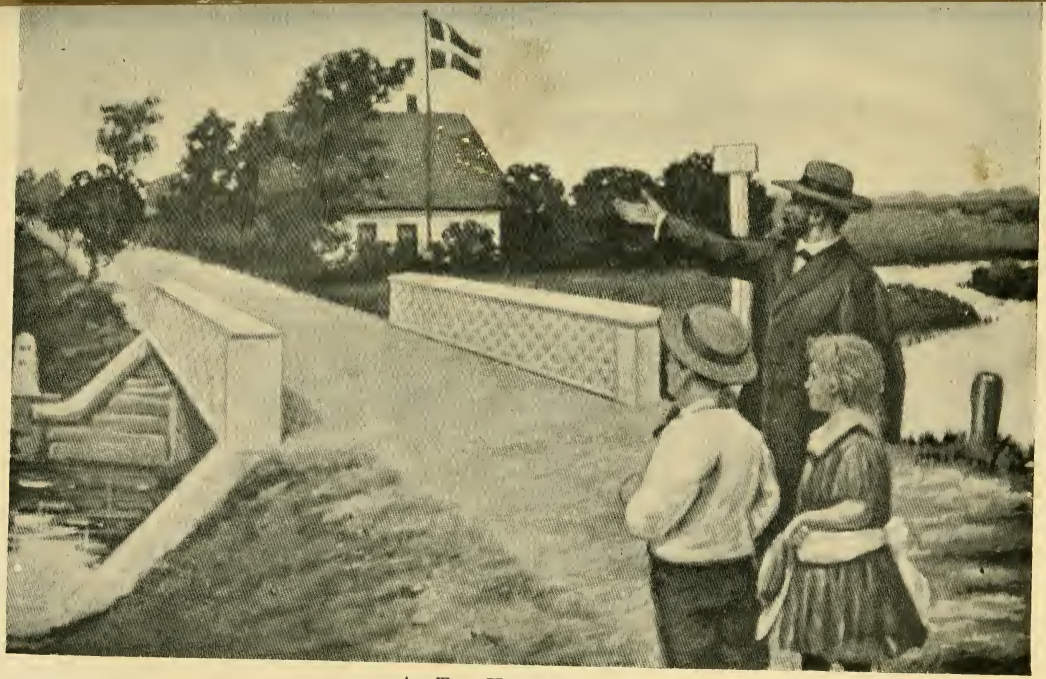
When the battle had stopped, Nelson praised Villemoes' indomitable courage, suggesting that the king make him admiral. To which the king retorted, "If I should promote all my valiant warriors to admirals, I should have no private seamen left."

Shortly after this memorable battle Villemoes fell in an encounter with five English frigates. His mother, being a widow, sat with her daughter in her little cottage in the old sailor-barracks built by Kristian IV and called Nyboder, when of a sudden the ancient, frail grandfather's clock that had kept time for more than four generations, stopped. She noticed the time, and jumping up she said with tears bursting from her eyes, "Now, my daughter, Peter is dead."

It showed later that the time of Villemoes' death conformed to a minute with the hands of the stopped clock.

Danish children are not taught aggressive patriotism; the nation having fought so much during close to two thousand years that they have learned to look upon war as a heinous and futile thing, but they learn to respect and love their flag, the old Dannebrog. It is red with a white cross, and it is not only the oldest flag extant but the only banner that has its own name,—Dannebrog.

The flag-day is June 15th, and is called Dannebrogsdag, for it was on that day, more than seven centuries ago, that the Danes got their flag. It happened that Valdemar Sejr fought the heathen people in Esthonia on the fifteenth day of June, 1219, when the enemy gathered reinforcements and drove the Danes back. At that crucial moment Archbishop Andreas Sunesön mounted a hill close to the battle-field and prayed for victory, his hands raised towards the sky. Suddenly there appeared a large red banner



AT THE KING'S RIVER.

Frontier between Denmark and Germany from the war of 1864 to the plebiscite of 1919. A Danish father is showing his children the recovered part of the old Danish land, *Slesvig*, where the "Dannebrog" now waves.

with a white cross. It glided slowly down from the sky while a strong voice was heard saying, "When ye carry this banner high, ye shall be victorious!"

This venerable banner was kept as a great treasure for several centuries till it was lost in the war against the Ditmarsker in the year 1500. In 1551 the flag was recovered and kept in the Slesvig cathedral, where it crumbled and became moth-eaten during the ensuing centuries. But from the middle of the thirteenth century the Dannebrog has always flown from the mastheads of every Danish ship, though it was not till 1842 that the flag was officially introduced into the army.

In the mighty armory of Copenhagen, where can be seen armor, helmets, and weapons from time immemorial, one will still find Dannebrogs that can be traced back more than four hundred years. Once a year every school paid a visit to the armory, but we boys used to go there often by ourselves to study the old flags and their quaint insignia. Here were cannons and mortars

from the Hansa-wars, about 1340, when gunpowder was first introduced into Denmark; armor from the time of King Hans; lances, swords and guns. We looked at the suits of armor in awe, wondering at the great size of the men that once wore those ponderous affairs.

Our ephemeral heroes were of quite another stamp. Back in the nineties, bicycling was in its prime, and nothing interested the boys like cycle-races. We had had tricycles since we were five years old, and as my brother simply took off one of the rear wheels, it goes without saying that we acquired adeptness in riding a two-wheeler long before the safety with its huge inflated Dunlop tires was introduced. I remember the first safety in Copenhagen, my father being one of the pioneers of bicycling. It was a clumsy affair, called "Peregrine," imported from England and furnished with immensely bulky tires. It created quite a sensation, and the police regulations ordered every bicycle provided with a big bell to

warn pedestrians, who fled panic-stricken at the mere sight of a wheel. All this appears very ridiculous and far-off and long ago compared with the present days when more than sixty thousand bicycles travel the streets of Copenhagen.

Bicycling made such rapid progress that the city could boast two big cycledromes as early as 1895. And to visit the cycle-races was the strongest desire of every boy. Gladly would he forego his supper if he were allowed to spend his evening at the drome watching the nightly trainings, and several boys used to hide in some remote corner of the vast drome armed with sufficient provision to pass the night in concealment and thus obtain free admission to the races the next day.

I took such deep interest in cycle-races that the name of every outstanding champion is still retained in my memory, never to be eradicated, even should my memory fail to retain the names of my closest relatives. And this, I believe, is the case with most of the boys that were ensnared in the cycle-

craze along with me. To tell all about that obsession would fill volumes, and hence I shall pass by it lightly. Our chief hero was Ingemann Petersen, a handsome young man, who won all hearts by his kindness to the boys watching him training, but when he beat the English champion Watson, our admiration knew no limits. We adored him as a demigod, a superman of the very first order, worthy to be placed beside the gods of the northern mythology. Another hero was Orla Nord, master of the mile, and butcher by trade. But let me pass by this rage hurriedly, before my brain teems with myriads of recollections, cropping up in a steady rank and file, annoying me with the involuntary repeating of such questions as we used to ask one another: "Have you seen Diakoff, the Russian champion? He has a gear of 130." "Oh, what is he compared to Bourillon, the French sprinter, or the marvellous Jacquelin!" "Now, boys, there was some pace-making at the drome last night. Uh, a monster quadruplette (cycle with four riders), running so fast that even

Schrader had to do his utmost to keep up with it."

The only serious competitor of the cyclists in the favor of us boys was Bech-Olsen, the great wrestler. He was a man of gigantic frame and great personal charm. A mason by trade, he first discovered his wrestling ability while plying his trade in Hamburg, where he threw Carl Abs, the German champion. But from that time and till he retired from the platform to travel with his own circus his career was a constantly increasing success, culminating with his picture being placed on the match-boxes, thus rivalling Tordenskjold in popular fame. His first notable victory was that over the "Terrible Greek," Antoni Pierri, and after this he won over the German Pohl, the French champion Paul Pons (a tremendously strong-built man), and the Turkish wrestler, Nourlah, certainly the most formidable-looking man it ever fell to my lot to look upon. I saw Nourlah walking down Köbmagergade a summer day in '97, and I was horrified as I came near him. He could not

have been less than eight feet, with a proportionate bulk, a veritable bull-neck and shoulders so broad that I wonder how he managed to pass an average doorway. Bech-Olsen's matches with these terrible foreign wrestlers took place in the trotting-rink at Charlottenlund, a suburb of Copenhagen. They never failed to draw an immense crowd; actually "*tout Copenhague,*" from His Majesty down to the meanest messenger-boy who in default of ticket took to the fence, a telegraph-pole, or the roof of some adjoining building. I have witnessed Bouin race, have seen Ingemann Petersen beat Watson, and the All-Denmark football team beat All-England with three goals to nil, but never was there such enthusiasm as when Bech had laid his opponent with both shoulders touching the mat. It was an enthusiasm bordering on frenzy and frantic madness, and it surely must have turned the hero's head.

Later, Bech-Olsen established himself as a restaurateur, and so great was the number of friends that visited his place and treated

him with food and drink that he coined the slogan: "My friends want me to die from overeating and drinking for a living."

When he toured America he was already on the decline as a wrestler.

Then, of course, there was the indomitable I. P. Müller, of "Fifteen Minutes" fame. He had not, then, discovered his system, which was to make so much noise in the world afterwards, but as a champion boatman and one of the best single-scullers there ever were, he had early attracted the attention of all boys and such men that remain boyish in their heart. Müller, or "I. P.," as we called him, started his career as a lieutenant in the army, but from that modest beginning he soon won a conspicuous place in the public's eye. He was an all-around athlete, never specializing, not even in rowing, but bent upon a harmonious development of the entire body, and the soul within, as well. At quite an early age it was rumored that he had developed his stomach muscles to such a degree that he would allow anybody to land upon his stomach after a

running long-jump, and this rumor proved to be based upon fact, as it was showed some years afterwards during an exhibition he gave when he had become manager of the Vejlefjord sanatorium. On that occasion he not only performed the above-mentioned stunt, but let a man walk across his stripped stomach with heavy iron-shod wooden shoes and pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with 400 pounds of stone. A real fakir-stunt, as one will see. But his reputation was, of course, very much increased when, some time afterwards, he published his famous system, "Fifteen Minutes Daily Exercises for the Health." This system, which doubtless contained many very effective exercises, most of which, however, were nothing but variations of Scheiding's feats, soon became the rage not only in all Denmark but in the entire world, the pamphlet being translated quickly into nearly every civilized language. Later, Müller settled in Switzerland as the head of an open-air gymnasium, and when the war broke out we heard of his being in London where his three sons enlisted in the

English army and won distinction on the battle-fields. He has now joined the majority of strong men, like Sandow and Bech-Olsen, not that he is dead, but his name has been lowered into the pit of oblivion.

The same may be said to be the case with Thorvald Ellegaard, perhaps the most successful bicyclist that ever rode a track. He was the idol of our boyhood when he appeared as a quite young, unknown man, coming from Odense together with his brother, and defeating nearly every opponent on the Copenhagen cycledromes. When Ingemann Petersen retired, Ellegaard became our chief hero, and so enduring was he that he won the championship in all great international meetings for upwards of twenty-five years, thus beating even Frank Kramer himself. Ellegaard made a fortune with his fast wheel, and he did not squander it. He lives at present in Paris.

How quickly times change and we with them! The heroes of our boyhood days are no longer the heroes of the present generation, the boys of which hardly know their

names, and even the sports in which those mighty ones excelled are almost ignored by present-day boys, who have substituted football and track-athletics, aeronautics and automobile-races in their places.

Our Lady's Church.

The Mill.

Where the Danes made their last stand against the Austro-Prussians in 1864. This Mill has now been recovered from the Germans, and is to the Danes what Bunker Hill is to New Englanders.

CHAPTER VII

MORE SCHOOL-DAYS

When Teilman had run his school for a few years he found that it was no paying proposition, and as there was at the same time another private school which did not thrive as well as the owner might have desired, the two men came together and decided to merge the schools into one. Most of our old teachers went with us, and first among these was Scheiding.

Of course there appeared some new faces on the teaching-staff and with that insatiate craving for mischief which is common to boys all over the world we at once delved into the new teachers' psychology to find out their vulnerable points and hammer at these in order to torment those whom we in our turn considered our tormentors. But it proved to be a hardened and seasoned staff of teachers that the merged school had se-

cured, leaving only a few soft fellows to make a target for our pranks.

The teacher of history, Kofoed by name, was a sinister-looking, handsome man, *candidatus politicus* by profession. We nicknamed him Wallenstein, because of his resemblance to that august field-marshal, but he was fool-proof, commanding such a respect that no one even dared to hint at playing pranks with him. He was extremely widely-read and used to enlarge considerably upon the meagre details in the textbooks, finally teaching us all of Cantu.

Our German teacher was an old army-captain, Höst by name, and so martial-looking and severe was he that he at once eliminated any possibility of fooling him.

Teilman taught us Danish and English, though in the last-named language he had a better qualified man at his side, Torben Lundbeck by name, a prominent English scholar who revised the dictionary and had won his doctor's degree with a thesis on John Dryden.

Södring, the other manager, taught alge-

bra, assisted by an aged wizard-like man, called Victor Sejr, who moreover taught physics and geometry. When I inform you that Sejr means victory you will at once understand that we nicknamed him Sejr[2].

These were the stern teachers with whom no pranks were possible. The soft men were the following:

In geography we had a meek gentleman, son of a rich merchant in Copenhagen by name of Krarup. It was in this man's hours that my brother perpetrated the trick that brought him the nickname "Bläksprutten," which literally means the ink-sputterer, but stands for the octopus or devil-fish. And it happened in this way: Krarup, being a very fastidious penman, used to trace our marks in a very fine hand in the huge ledger, which was called the protocol. Being rather absent-minded, he often would dip his pen in the deep ink-well that stood buried in a pit in his desk and keep it there for a considerable time. My brother, having observed this habit of Krarup's, took advantage of it to play a very mean trick on the innocent

teacher. He put a capsule of castor-oil in the ink-well, unobserved by Krarup, and told the other boys to watch the developments.

When Krarup now dipped his pen in the ink, the pen rent the thin film of the capsule and became covered with the oily substance. Vainly he tried to write in the protocol, dipping the pen deeper in the well, and every time growing more puzzled and excited. But this procedure only resulted in the pen becoming more oily, at length making writing wholly out of the question. His puzzled looks were screamingly funny to witness, and it was only when the whole class burst out in loud laughter that Krarup discovered the trick played on him.

Another of the soft men was the teacher of zoology and botany. This man used to illustrate his teaching with stories from his own hunting expeditions, and it so happened that while he was relating an exciting incident of his own experience Valdemar Raven, a boy whom I have mentioned elsewhere, put this question to him, uttered in a perfectly

innocent voice: "Where did you read that?" A question which the good-natured man possessed no sufficient wit to answer fittingly.

The French teacher was so indifferent a personage that I have almost forgotten him. And the same is the case with the singing-master, a professional fiddler and orchestral conductor.

Every morning when we arrived at school the work would be preceded by common singing under Teilman's baton in the gymnasium, but this routine became so dreary and obnoxious to most of us that we came to hate the songs. This was chiefly due to Teilman's limited repertoire, persisting as he did in letting us sing the same few songs over and over again through many years, and that in spite of the fact that no country possesses a greater store of songs than Denmark, a fact which the publishing of four heavy volumes containing more than twelve hundred Danish songs, most of which are well known and sung by the people, amply bespeaks.

I had almost forgotten to mention the two

teachers which possibly were the best-loved among them all, the men who taught us penmanship and drawing. The first, whose name was Boesen, introduced a system of his own, which every school-child the world over certainly would appreciate. He read aloud during the lessons. And a fine reader he was, selecting for his reading the most interesting boys' books, such as Marryat's tales, Russian fables, choice specimens of Danish literature, and so on. But whenever a boy would slack up with his writing Boesen stopped short, leaving it to us to see that the boy performed the work set before him, in which he never failed. No wonder that Boesen produced results, and that Vesterbroes Realskole soon came in repute as having the best penmen in all the city.

The teacher of drawing employed a similar stratagem. He incited us to do our best by entering into competition with us. The result was that nearly every one of the boys became wonderfully expert in drawing, and that one must go to the art academies in America to see work of the same standard as

that which was done by boys between twelve and fourteen years in that school. It is no wonder that there in Copenhagen are upwards to 600 artists who annually are admitted to exhibit their paintings at the Charlottenborg salon.

In the summer-time the school would make frequent excursions in the surrounding woods to botanize, or else we would be led to some of the numerous museums in Copenhagen to have the treasures explained. At least once a year the entire school would visit the great Zoo of Copenhagen and spend all the day there.

It was shortly after the merging of the schools that I became initiated into a vice common to most boys the world over. You know of what I am speaking—cigarettes. An import-firm had marketed an extremely cheap brand, called "Elephant," and that cigarette became very soon the rage with all the boys. Of course we were discovered, and once when Teilman had caught a number of boys smoking on their way from school he ordered them back

into his office. I was among them and we all feared a terrible punishment as we stood shivering in the office, looking at the many books, stuffed birds, and the lizards and adders that were kept in bottles filled with spirit. But most of all we were attracted by the queer physical apparatus, especially the electrical machines. "I wonder if he is going to administer an electrical shock to us," queried one boy. At this remark we all shuddered, remembering the last time we were electrified from the huge revolving glass-dial, holding the metal handles in our hands. But when Teilman entered he made no sign of intending to spank us. Nor did he approach the electrical machine. He chose to administer a much severer shock. Under his arm he carried our report-books (Karakterbog), small volumes into which at the end of every week the reports are entered to be shown to and signed by the parents. And now he proceeded leisurely to trace with large letters, as if making it impossible to erase, this remark in the column for deportment: "Smokes on his way from

school (Ryger paa Vej fra Skolen)." We looked at each other in utter consternation.

We had the report home Saturday afternoon, and at our meeting on Monday we guilty eight boys (nearly all boys were guilty of the same offense, but we had been caught red-handed) queried each other how "Father" took to that remark. As for me, my father had upon reading that notice made a very serious face and started on the preparations for a stern punishment. But the preparations proved too manifold and cumbersome. He first placed me on a couch, and then rummaged the house for a strap, so that his fury had cooled off when at length he was ready to serve out the beating. Consequently I got off with a couple of soft beatings, the main punishment consisting in a serious reprimand followed by the promise never to do it again.

One of the miscreants, whose father was a very stern man, told us how he managed to escape discovery. Getting a supply of school-ink he filled in an "n" between the "y" and "g" and changed the R into an

S, with the result that the remark came to read: "Synger paa Vej fra Skole (Sings on his way from school)." To which his father, being fond of singing, made no comment save this one: "I hope, boy, you did it because you felt happy after the long school hours?"

How the boy felt I can imagine; but he got his punishment, for that one fraud, as all frauds sooner or later are bound to do, drew another fraud after it, he having constantly to erase and replace the ominous letters till at length the page assumed such a threadbare aspect that he was compelled to take the book out of circulation, feigning to have lost it. Most of the other miscreants also got their penalty.

I have elsewhere mentioned Knud Hermansen, the expert sailor. Some time after this incident he was out for a queer adventure. Bent on starting a boys' band, he had been lured into a second-hand store, in the window of which was exhibited a cornet.

"Is the cornet in perfect order?" Knud asked.

"Try it, young man," said the antiquarian.

But Knud could not try, knowing nothing of cornets whatever. So he had to put faith in the shopkeeper's assertion that the cornet was in perfect condition. He carried his treasure home and had a musician friend examine it. It was not good, leaking quite hopelessly and emitting the most ear-splitting tones. Next day he brought it back, upbraiding the seller and asking for his money back. But the rascally dealer would hear nothing of it. He was an aged, toothless man, and besides, an unmitigated liar.

"That cornet!" he lisped. "You certainly must be mistaken, young man. I have never seen that cornet before."

And he persisted asserting this, notwithstanding Knud's insisting. At length Knud withdrew, evidently beaten. But he had his revenge. Some days later Knud's brother, who had just been confirmed and wore long trousers, entered the store.

"You have so many curios for sale," said he. "I wonder if you have an anchor?"

"An anchor?" sniffed the dealer. "No, I'm sorry, that I don't carry. Do you mean a real ship's anchor?"

"Yes, a ship's anchor."

Some days passed when in came another young man asking the same question in other words. The dealer scratched his head.

"Strange," he mumbled, "not a week ago there was another call for an anchor."

Should he take in a supply of anchors, or at least one as a sample? He thought and thought, sniffing for profit. But when in the ensuing week there appeared a third prospective purchaser of a second-hand anchor, a nice young man dressed in yacht-club outfit, the dealer became fairly bent on changing his store into a ship-chandlery.

"About how big do you want the anchor?" he asked.

"About 200 pounds, I should say. To fit a small cutter."

The dealer scratched his head. "Well, sir, could you come in again in a week? I am just waiting a good supply of fine second-hand anchors. As good as new ones,

and very reasonable in price. Will you please call next week?"

Yes, he would gladly wait a week if the dealer was sure of having the goods.

And the next week the dealer had a mighty anchor for exhibition in his window. It lay there as a monstrous trophy among violins, old clocks, razors, mirrors, candlesticks, and other items. Attached to it was a sign with the inscription, "Fine ship-anchors for sale." But no customers appeared, only a long row of boys came daily to have a look at the anchor. Now and then we would in turn go in and inquire for the anchor. But the dealer did not understand anything. It was first when Knud's brother appeared that it dawned upon him during this conversation:

"How much is that anchor?"

"Forty crowns, young man, and a fine one at that price."

"Does it leak?"

"Leak?" The dealer made a question mark of his face. "Leak! Who ever heard of an anchor leaking?"

"Well," said Knud's brother, "it occurred to me that since you deal in leaking cornets, your anchors, too, might be leaking."

CHAPTER VIII

PRANKS AND FROLICS

Ye boys of Copenhagen in the Nineties. Do ye remember when they tore down the old ramparts filling out the muddy moats to make place for the quickly expanding city, remodelling the ancient Haymarket into the splendid up-to-date Town-Hall Square?

Well, the city has improved its Continental aspect, but we cannot deny that the glamor of romance and adventure are things of the past, irrevocably gone forever. Asphalt covers the old stone-pavement, trod by myriads of feet through many generations, those heavy, square stones, among which a solitary blade of grass occasionally would peep up timidly, as if trying to call back the old times when the peasants delivered wagon-loads of hay on this place; and what about the glaring white light of the numer-

ous arc-lamps—did they not dispel any lingering remembrance of the remote past?

When we were living at Haymarket it still bore some resemblance to the ancient "King's Copenhagen." No twang of electric cars split the dormant air, automobiles were undreamed of, and the mind of the inhabitants went along in tempo with the quickest movement then known, which was horse-pace.

Without the least danger of being run over, we could romp about with our play-cart, which Father had bought us for a birthday gift, and we certainly used that cart to our heart's content in the near-by Aborre Park (Perch Park), where now the subway goes, sliding down the steep slopes as if coasting on a sled.

Once when coming home from school I perceived a young fellow hauling that cart along the Haymarket. I could recognize the wagon far away, but when I, on approaching nearer, saw our own names as we had engraved them with a knife in the seat, every possible doubt vanished. I accosted

the man with the question where he was bringing the cart. He looked at me, at first unwilling to answer questions, but when he saw that I meant it seriously he deigned to accord me a reply.

"Why, boy," he said, "I am taking it home."

"But it belongs to me," I retorted.

"Maybe it did, but now it belongs to me. I bought it, see."

"Where?"

"There at the auction-rooms."

And with that reply he hauled the cart away, soon disappearing around the corner. There was an auction-room on Halmtorvet 14, just beside where we lived. I went straight to that place to make inquiries but found it closed for business that day. My next step was to see my brother. But he was nowhere to be seen. All that long summer afternoon I spent in a most uncomfortable manner, thinking of the lost express-team and harboring ugly suspicions, but I could give no direct evidence. It was not until nightfall when I met my brother in our

common bedroom that I was enlightened about the mysterious matter. I told my brother about the man whom I had seen dragging the cart along pretending to have bought it at the auction.

"Do you know anything about this, Henry?" I inquired.

He yawned. "That man was right. The cart does not belong to us any more."

Beside myself from impatience I pressed him to tell all he knew.

"It is very simple," said he. "I brought the cart to the auction yesterday to have it sold and there the matter ends."

Now the matter did not end there, for I caused him a sleepless night, interrogating him till at length he absolutely refused to say more. But when I had pumped him I learned that he had sold the cart, which some months previously had cost twelve crowns, for fifty öre.

It was truly astounding, but the most astounding part is that, after all, he has succeeded eminently in business later in life.

But let me return to Haymarket and its

grandiose City Hall. When they began the erection of that grand structure the immense site was fenced in by a high boarding that shut out the site from the public's curiosity, though of course not from the boys', for we contrived to make peep-holes through which we could get a fine view of the inside. It looked like a crater—a crater in the moon. Mighty deep trenches there were, piles of wood, mountains of bricks, and a whole armory of pickaxes, shovels, and all kinds of tools. It seemed absorbingly interesting, and no boy was able to evade the almost uncanny fascination of the place. By and by the peep-hole was enlarged, it grew to the size of a regular manhole, and we went in. And there was certainly a good time in store for us on that vast site, the most alluring games of hide-and-seek, swinging on tremendous seesaws, that took us twenty feet or more up in the air, jumping across broad ditches, deep with mud, and a never-ending variation of boyish pranks. But that all pales into mere insignificance compared with what I was to witness there some few weeks

later. A summer morn when there was no school my cousin came to visit us. Paul lived far out in the suburb Frederiksberg, and we rarely saw one another except around New Year, when we approached him in order to get fireworks, he being an expert pyrotechnist. He was a burly, big sort of a fellow, and so strong was he that we sometimes paid him to come down to the Haymarket and just walk along with us in order to scare the other boys away. On account of this rôle he got the nickname of "the giant," and I dare say that even the most aggressive of the boys in the neighborhood had an unconquerable fear of him, as he prowled around, his big fists buried in his pockets, from which he might any moment draw forth a load of fireworks and hurl them away fully ablaze.

That morning Paul had come to invite us in on the building-site. Something quite exceptional was going to be staged there, he hinted. The "Rhubarb Boys" were on the approach.

"The Rhubarb Boys!" we asked with

THE MARBLE CHURCH.

Lack of funds caused two centuries to be required for building this. The legend above the columns reads when trans-

OUR SAVIOUR'S CHURCH.

The winding staircase outside the spire leads to the globe, within which twelve persons may be seated.

some doubt. "Do you mean to say that the much-feared Rhubarb Boys are showing up here?"

"Yes," he nodded, knowingly.

And here I must make another digression in the tale. Far out in a section of Nörrebro there was a street called Nordvestvej, and around that street gathered some boys known by the name of the Rhubarb Boys. How they got that name, I am at a loss to tell, but it is enough to state that these boys were reputed to be something quite out of the ordinary regarding ferocity and ruffianism. In small flocks they were actually feared, but when they mustered their full strength they inspired a panic. Now rumors had for a considerable time been afloat among the Vesterbro boys that the Rhubarb Boys were planning to make a raid on the Vesterbro boys, bent on administering a crushing defeat to their foes, and although the boys of Vesterbro tried to prepare themselves against the onslaught, they could not but feel afraid, lacking as they did the perfect organization of the Rhubarb Boys and

totally ignorant as to where and when the invasion was to take place.

Picture, then, my speechless surprise when Paul told me that the invasion was to be launched that morning.

We approached the manhole, which was hidden among some bushes and a heap of rubbish, and climbed through, unseen by the police. Within the tall boarding the site seemed as a world of its own, quite remote from connection with the exterior world. It took me some time to locate myself and get the bearing in that vast place, but by and by I commenced to get an idea of what was going on, and the sight that met my wondering eyes made my flesh creep. And now I expect to see my reader smile distrustingly. Nor do I blame those who do so, for what went on that morning at the site appears past belief, and had I not witnessed it with my own eyes I should not dare to tell it or try to pass the following description as a truthful narration.

Paul ascended a mound, scanning the enclosure with the mien of a general, while I

took my place beside him as his aide-de-camp. At the farthest end of the site I could see a vast number of big boys approaching at a quick pace. Now and then they would hide themselves, taking cover as it were under some embankment. A whole army there was; hardly less than two hundred boys. It was the army of the Rhubarb Boys. How they had managed to slip into the enclosure and march along the streets without being discovered by the police seemed a puzzle to me, unless they had employed Moltke's stratagem: to march separately and fight united. But the fact remained that here they were, well organized, in a body, and with a purpose. At first I could see no Vesterbro boys; but of a sudden these showed up, coming, as it were, from every mound, shed, and pile of wood, where they evidently had kept in concealment watching the opportune moment. They literally swarmed the place, and well prepared they certainly were.

"Our boys outnumber the enemy," said Paul in a solemn tone, "but I see that the

Rhubarbs have received reinforcements from the Farvergade boys."

These Farvergade boys comprised some of the very worst elements of the boys of Copenhagen and were nearly as much feared as the Rhubarbs.

No sooner did the Rhubarbs see the Vesterbro boys than with a terrible yell they were up and at them, taking possession of a long earth-wall which ran across the middle of the site and looked like a barricade. The fight began when the enemies were at some distance from each other. Both parties were armed with sling-shots, clubs, and bows and arrows, and no sooner had they come within shooting distance of one another than they hurled a shower of missiles at the enemy. The first encounter was most fearful. I could easily recognize the Rhubarbs from the red band they wore around the right sleeve, while the Vesterbro boys carried a white band as a distinctive mark. Some of the boys, I think most of those who were in the front line, had donned small wooden boxes, to which was attached a sort

of vizor, and used these as helmets; others carried topless and bottomless barrels around their trunks as armor. The sight of these barrel-armored warrior-boys was most funny, though I soon realized that the armor served them well, for now and then a big, heavy stone would be hurled with great force for some thirty yards and more, discharged from a regular catapult mounted behind the barricade.

My cousin stamped impatiently with his feet on the ground.

"No use to stand here as a sightseer," grumbled he.

"What party are you going to fight for, Paul?"

"I side, of course, with the Vesterbros," cried he.

As he said this there fell a javelin in front of us, almost grazing our feet. It was a long, slender pole armed with an ugly rusty spike, which had been fastened with wire.

Seizing the javelin and breaking it over his knee my cousin turned to me, his face ablaze with the glamor of battle.

"Come on!" cried he, "we can't remain neutral any longer."

I looked around for some weapon, but finding none I seized a barrel-lid, employing it as a shield. Paul delved in his pocket, which was stuffed with all kind of fireworks, and handed me some munitions.

"Here," he shouted, "take this to keep them away with."

And before I could answer he had darted away. I just caught a glimpse of him, as he disappeared behind a shed, his raised arm displaying a white band, evidently his handkerchief. In a hurry I tied my handkerchief around my arm and rushed forward into the fray.

To reach the barricade I had to pass an unsheltered space of some sixty yards. Running at top speed and brandishing my shield in front of me, I forgot all fear, intent upon fighting beside Paul. But, in spite of my anxiety to fight, I did not lose all sense of prudence, and so it came that I began to think that I was practically unarmed. I did not carry any matches. How, then,

should I light my fireworks? This question brought me to a short stop. At the same time an arrow whizzed past me and fell flat upon the ground some few feet away. Believing that I saw a burning match on the ground I bent over the arrow, when to my surprise I saw the point aglow. It emitted a sharp well-known smell, and on examining the arrow more closely I found a piece of glowing sulphur at the point. Realizing that here I had something better than matches I snatched the arrow from the ground and dashed onward.

At the foot of the barricade there stood some sheds in which the workers kept their shovels. Around these sheds a sort of guerrilla fight was going on, waged with great ferocity on both sides. I was just going to join the stormers at the barricade, having brought a big "nigger-chaser" in contact with the burning sulphur, when I heard somebody calling my name in a whimpering voice. Turning in the direction of the voice I saw a boy from the neighborhood lying on the ground while a huge Rhubarb belabored

him with his club. The small boy, whose name was Viggo Madsen, and whom I had often mocked because of his tiny size, was utterly helpless in the hands of the big ruffian and was now looking pleadingly to me for help. Turning a swift glance towards the barricade, on the top of which Paul stood beckoning at me, I rushed upon the bulky Rhubarb, ignited the fuse of the nigger-chaser, and threw it right at him. The firework spurted and sparked, wending its way in truly terrific zigzagging, leaving the Rhubarb no other way than stepping lively; but when the fire had reached the last paper-fold where the big explosive is stored, there came a monstrous report, and when the smoke had cleared away the Rhubarb was no more visible. Evidently he had sought refuge behind the barricade. I helped Viggo on his feet, telling him to leave the place at once, for what that little frail boy had come to such a place for, I could not understand.

At that moment it looked pretty bad for the Vesterbros. They had reached the top of the barricade but were now being driven

back, pressed by the force of better-armed enemies. In a flash it dawned upon me how miserable would be our fate if the enemy should rout us, pursuing us to the manhole, our only way of escape. In that case hardly a single Vesterbro could avoid a severe thrashing beside the intolerable humiliation of having been utterly defeated. Picture a couple of hundred boys thronging about a small hole in a strongly built fence, every one of them bent on making a hasty exit and fighting with boys of his own party to be the first to crawl through that ominous manhole, not unlike a trap. An easy prey they would certainly be for the pursuers, and the whole battle would end in the most ignominious rout, a sad and ridiculous debacle. And what wouldn't the other boys say? Wouldn't they shout at them that they were cowards, and forever mark them with the stigma of dishonor? I pictured all this so vividly that I felt a blush in my face, and determined that such should not be our fate, so far as I could help it, I rushed towards the barricade. Arriving at the top, I took the situa-

tion in at a single glance. Most of the boys that made up the Vesterbro army were unknown to me, though I knew several by sight. But there was a fair sprinkling of my schoolmates among the defenders. One of these, a very militant boy, Valdemar Raven by name, and who later became one of the pioneers of automobilism in Denmark, fought most valiantly, frequently engaging the enemies in wrestling, in which he was considerable of an expert. Kristian Poulsen, too, was there. I should have said "of course," for he would have come from miles afar, had he heard of such a battle going on, so keen and passionate was his fighting instinct. Despising arms, Kristian fought with his bare fists. But most of all I was surprised by seeing Alfred Sörensen present. He was of my school and one of the strongest boys of them all, as tall and heavy as a full-grown man when he was but fourteen years old, but of such a bland temper that he generally was called the peacemaker. Nor did he do much fighting on that occasion, but what he was occupied with I could at first

sight not make out. He was constantly pulling long, heavy cords from his pockets, bending on his knees.

I hurried to Paul's side.

"Have you discharged all your fireworks?" I asked.

He looked at me foolishly, his mouth wide open.

"Call me an idiot, Herluf," he winced. "I forgot the most important thing. I have no matches."

"Come on, Paul," said I, "I have fire." And pulling him aside I showed him the piece of burning sulphur, blowing it aglow.

He recovered his composure, his face abeam with delight. "That's the thing, boy!" he cried. "You came just in time, and that piece of sulphur will save the day."

Arranging a handful of his best explosives, a dozen of thunderous "chasers," manufactured with New Year's Eve in view, he clambered up the rampart, rallying the boys around him. As he stood on the barricade, his right hand lifting the firework while he ignited the fuse with the sulphur, he

looked precisely like Thor, the ancient northern god of war and thunder. I think that his demeanor spread terror, or at least an ugly apprehension, among the Rhubarbs, for his triumphant mien was so premonitive of some great surprise that it made itself felt all along the barricade.

And indeed it came as a big surprise.

Raising his hand high in the air and blowing at the connected fuses he shouted at the top of his stentorian voice, and he possessed in fact a truly noisy voice, a fact which accounts for his becoming later in life a prominent Wagner singer, in which capacity he mounted the stage of the Royal Theatre and toured America:

"Death and destruction over ye, blackguards of the Rhubarbs!"

And hurling the load of explosives over the unprepared enemy he added, "Now flee for your life, rascals."

And that settled it, for the tremendous zigzag explosions of the bunch of chasers to which he added some handfuls of New Year bombs, produced such a din and such a pro-

fusion of sparks that it turned the tide and sent the hostile army headlong down the barricades. In a maddened throng they fled for their opening in the boarding, leaving not a few prisoners in our hands.

At the same time we heard the fire-alarm ring and a moment later a couple of fire-teams were heard rattling along Vestervoldgade. In a flash the situation appeared clear to us. The report of the fireworks being noticed at the central fire-station which lies just in the rear of the present City Hall, they had mobilized instantly, fearing some big explosion was taking place at the site. But no sooner had the first helmet of a fireman appeared at the fence, the fireman standing at his ladder and peeping curiously across the vast site when the place was emptied as if swept by a hurricane. You have heard of or seen a pack of mice disappearing, no one knows where, at the sudden sight of a cat. Well, that is nothing in comparison with the hasty retreat we beat at the sight of that helmet. We literally melted away, though there of course was a little disorder at the

manhole. Still I cannot understand how Alfred Sörensen managed to get, not only his own portly body, but those of his four prisoners through the narrow hole. But he did. And then I understood what he had been busy with as I watched him taking heavy cords from his pockets and bending upon his knee. The prisoners, four dejected Rhubarbs, we stowed away in the coal cellar of our house on the Haymarket, a deep, deep, dark and vaulted cellar, more like a casemate than an ordinary cellar. And there we stored them like coal. Some of the Vesterbroers suggested that the prisoners be kept in durance the night over and be fed on bread and water, but the majority voted for having them released before sunset, partly for pity of the prisoners' parents, and partly for fear of the authorities.

And thus ended the memorable battle between the Rhubarbs and the Vesterbroers which took place on Ascension Day, 1896, on the site of the present magnificent City Hall in Copenhagen.

We all kept quiet, but somehow it leaked

out, and some days after the papers devoted a column to the "incredible rowdyism, perpetrated on the site of our new City Hall, by some boisterous boys, among whom, we are sorry to state, were several from better homes." The manholes were duly covered with heavy boards, and for the ensuing days a policeman stood guard outside looking suspiciously at every boy who dared to approach to get a look at the inside. But in all parts of the city were seen boys nursing bruises and bumps.

CHAPTER IX

SUMMER LIFE IN COPENHAGEN

It is noon on a bright summer day in Copenhagen. The inhabitants find it sweltering hot, though the thermometer registers but twenty degrees Reaumur in the shade (about seventy-eight degrees Fahrenheit) and hence several schools have been dismissed, for it is not vacation time yet, but the heat is considered too great for indoor work. But oh, how delightfully cool must those "sultry" summer days in Denmark appear to any Dane who has tried a summer in America!

Between twelve and one P. M. is a kind of siesta in Copenhagen. All the stores have pulled down their awnings, the asphalt is soft as clay, and the air is filled with a fragrance of millions of flowers, fresh hay, tar, and that wonderful salt-sea breeze that sweeps the city from out the Sound.

The streets are crowded with people and

nearly all walk in the same direction. Hush, there is music; you hear the beat of many drums and the ta-ta-ka-ta of trumpets. Following the sound and the crowd you will see the band, which leads the parade of the Royal Guard from the barracks to the Amalienborg where the King lives. Every day at sharp twelve o'clock, the Guard's parade marches through the city to play an hour in front of the royal palace, and you'll never fail to see a vast crowd following the parade, ending in a tail of street urchins, who join the band by whistling through their fingers. The Guardsmen are tall, stalwart fellows, none under six feet and very broad-shouldered. On the head each wears a huge bearskin cap as big as a bread-box and across the shoulder and breast a broad white bandoleer. Marching some steps in front of the drums stalks the Tambour-Major (drum-major), the tallest of them all and a real giant with a big, flowing beard. To increase his height the tambour-major has extra high heels under his boots, for, though no man may be able to add an ell to his

growth, any skillful shoemaker can make him a few inches taller. This may not seem necessary, for when I was a boy in Copenhagen the tambour-major, a man from Roeskilde, stood some eighty-three inches in his stockings.

Arrived at the square in front of the Amalienborg, the Guard makes halt, upon which the crowd makes likewise, looking expectantly to the balcony of the castle where the King any moment may appear to greet his loyal subjects. The ceremony begins with the Fanemarche (flag-march), under which the old Dannebrog is carried along the row of Guardsmen, who salute solemnly while fifes and drums strike up the celebrated tune of the Fanemarche with the words: "Here come the Danish soldiers."

No sooner has the flag been carried to the Guards-room than the full band commences the concert, which by the common people is known under the nickname of "Messingsuppe" (brass-soup). And a most magnificent band it surely is: dextrous clarinettists, expert oboists, whining piccolo-flutes, splen-

THE BAND OF THE LIFE-GUARDS.
The gigantic drum-major in front, baton in hand.

CITY HALL OF COPENHAGEN.
The cupola of the great *Glyptothek* is seen in the background.

did trumpeters who know double and triple tonguing to matchless perfection, mighty trombones, mellow French-horns, comic bassoons, and those well-drilled drummers who can make one shiver with a hurricane roll. They play no rag-time, but perform the most splendid military marches, and are not shy of tackling the most difficult standard overtures, as "Mignon," "Tannhäuser," and "Merry Wives of Windsor."

In the crowd you'll see many men wearing a strange uniform. A carmine-red coat with great buttons of silver-nickel. Those are letter-carriers who have caught up with the "Vagtparade" on their delivery-tours and who will not forego their share in the brass-soup. But still funnier than the red-coated postmen are some small boys clad in black tights, stovepipes on their scalps, a heavy piece of iron, not unlike a cannon-ball, to which is attached a short broom, swung in a long, thick rope over the shoulder, and carrying a slender ladder under the arm. To the uninitiated, these boys with their sooty faces and hands must certainly remind

one of small devilkins, and yet they are harmless chimney-sweeper boys (Skorstensfejerdrenge) bent on enjoying their daily brass-soup.

But now the vacation has arrived and the city-life centres about Tivoli. The famous establishment is open every day during the summer-season and on Sundays and holidays most stupendous fireworks are displayed, old Mr. Busch sending his singing rockets cloud-high above the tree-tops and igniting his revolving fiery wheels, in which are read legends in blazing letters.

Oh, for a summer day in Tivoli! And particularly in the Tivoli of old days, when the great frigate was still floating in the middle of the Tivoli lake and the labyrinth had not yet given way to the new Bodega. That huge frigate was built as a perfect imitation of the old ironsides which fought so gloriously against the English in 1801, and as it floated there on the stilly lake it afforded the most imposing sight, especially

at night when the lights from the portholes gleamed like a string of fiery pearls reflected in the calm water. In the frigate was installed a vaudeville show and a restaurant.

During the vacation, Tivoli swarmed with "Feriebörn," that is children from the country who came to Copenhagen in exchange for city children who were sent out on the rural fields to breathe the fresh country air for some six weeks. These rural vacation-children would gape at the marvels of the city till the corners of their mouths almost reached their lobes, and it goes without saying that we children of the city could not help making fun of them and playing many a mischievous prank on them.

Let me state that on certain days during the summer, on so-called Ferie-days, each child that went in to Tivoli received without any charge three tickets which gave admission to the merry-go-round, the balloon-swing, the flying-wheel, or any of the innumerable amusements within the establishment. Of course there was a lively trading in these red-paper slips, which scarcely com-

manded less than a Femöre in cash or some valuable stamps in bartering. Now it was one of our most common pranks to lure some of the rural vacationists into the labyrinth under pretense of showing them some wondrous animal as the unicorn or the horrible Minotaurus himself. A labyrinth is, as most know, a sort of maze, consisting of numerous paths which are so ingeniously traced that they bewilder almost any one, making it nearly impossible to find one's way out without a guide. The labyrinth in Tivoli was constructed very intricately, a number of bowered paths running crisscross hither and thither, leading nowhere, as it were, and leaving the intruder who was unacquainted with the key, at a loss to find the exit.

When we had persuaded some country boys to enter the labyrinth, a task that often proved only possible after we had furnished a spool of string, the end of which was tied to the trunk of a tree at the entrance and which unwound as we proceeded farther into the mysterious depths of the maze, we always managed to snap the string in the

ENTRANCE TO TIVOLI.
A world-famous amusement park.

THE OLD "HAYMARKET."
Now City Hall Square. A small old-fashioned park in the "nineties." The home of the Author faced the tower on the left.

middle of the labyrinth upon which we would dash away, feigning the greatest fear. The poor, innocent country boys then would remain for some time perfectly bewildered, after which they would give vent to a subdued whimpering. But to show what rascals we really were, let me not forget to inform my readers that we never wasted our time and ingenuity on vacation-boys who had no ferie-tickets left, and so we would invariably approach our victims with the question if they possessed some red-paper slips. On showing us these we exclaimed with great glee, " That is great, boys, for these tickets might enable you to see a sight the like of which you can find nowhere else." And, giving the tale of Minotaur and Ariadne, we would wind up the tale with the question whether they possessed the courage of Theseus and if the mere sight of the gruesome monster-bull was not worth all the balloon-swings in the garden.

To which, of course, they agreed. But no sooner did the trapped boys begin to moan than a confederate of ours who was hidden

in the adjoining path commenced to growl most uncannily, pretending to be the fearful Minotaurus who expected to swallow them up alive. Of course the vacation-boys held a council and very naturally they attempted to find their way out. This attempt, however, always proved futile, for after some aimless wandering they would always return to the same spot, unable to find the exit. And the hidden boy-Minotaur would then start to growl in a still more threatening manner.

There never were many visitors to the labyrinth, the few consisting chiefly of some loving couples who sought the remoteness of the maze to be in solitude; and of such the ensnared boys, of course, did not dare to ask for the way out, nor would questions probably have received any attention whatever. And the inspector who was in charge of the labyrinth would only very rarely stroll through the mazed paths, preferring to remain chatting with people at his chair at the entrance. Thus it was no wonder that the rural boys felt like babes in the woods,

dismayed at their being lost and shuddering with fear at the awful bellowing of the man-eating bull. At length, when the pear was considered ripe, one of our confederates would appear to the frightened boys, asking what was the matter, and on being enlightened offer to silence the monster and lead them safely out. But he must have something for his services, since it incurred a certain danger and not little work. Were they willing to spend a ferie-ticket each for their deliverance? Of course they were unanimous in granting a ticket each to their deliverer, upon which this rogue at once proceeded to the boy-bull, informing him that the ransom had been paid. The bull stopping his awe-inspiring bellowing, the boy hurried back to the victims, leading them along a circuitous way and by a long detour —just to impress them with the difficulty of the task set before him—to the exit.

After this we would share the spoils and revel in extra rides in the balloon-swing, while crowds of vacation-boys stared at us, agape with wonderment.

CHAPTER X

CHRISTMAS

WHICH is the first Christmas you can remember? My memory takes me back to my fourth Christmas, when I was a little over four years old. There was no snow on the ground that December, and I recall that we played in the garden, filled with happy expectations till the light grew dim and we were called in. And each consecutive Christmas from that time stands clearly out in my recollection, as sharp, divided layers in a fancy cake, each layer representing a Christmas, made memorable by different gifts. One year it was a swing, another, some boxes of tin soldiers and a drum, others again, forts, scales, building-blocks, and so on.

Now Christmas in Denmark is something widely different from what we know in America, the chief celebration centering

around the night of the twenty-fourth of December, called Juleaften. On that night all stores will close at four or five o'clock and the family will gather around the huge table where the roasted goose, stuffed with apples and prunes, is served. When the meal was finished, we would occupy ourselves with nuts and almonds, while Father and Mother retired to the drawing-room, where the huge Christmas-tree was being arranged, illuminated by numerous candles. Of course we would try to spy upon the preparations by peeping through the keyhole, which mostly proved ineffective, since Father had locked the door and put a cloth over the keyhole.

After what to us seemed an interminable waiting, our parents opened the door widely and ushered us in to the magnificently adorned tree. It teemed with lighted candles, angels' hair, cotton-snow, and flags, and from every bough were dangling gilded walnuts and pine-cones, small baskets filled with chocolate-drops and almonds, and the extremely toothsome marcipan.

Next the gifts were distributed. They lay under the tree, each present wrapped in paper or a box upon which was written the name of the receiver. When we had inspected our presents and played a while with them, we began to dance around the Juleträ. The dance consisted in forming a ring by seizing each other's hands and walking slowly around the tree, singing the old Christmas hymn: "A child was born in Bethlehem," or "Glade Jul," which latter one is sung to the old German tune "Silent Night."

When we had danced around the tree for about ten minutes we began to plunder it, for, as it is told in the old song of Christmas, "First we must see it; afterwards we must eat it." But the tree was duly restored with all its fillings the ensuing day and remained thus till Christmas was considered a past thing for this time, which usually was on or about the sixth of January. In the country, however, they used to celebrate Jul till well into the middle of January. It being now close to midnight, we took a light supper,

sitting up for some time afterwards. Christmas morning, we went to church early. No business was transacted during the two Christmas days, though all the theatres generally would open at four o'clock P. M. on the twenty-sixth offering a gala performance.

Let me not forget to tell that children celebrate the day before Christmas (December 23), which is called Lille Juleaften (Little Christmas Eve). On that day most baking is done, and in the country they begin the celebrations then.

All of you who have celebrated Christmas as I have done will remember how utterly miserable one feels when Christmas finally and irretrievably is over, a thing of the irrevocable past. This dejection, however, was somewhat alleviated by the approach of New Year's Eve, which, too, meant the display of much festivity. On New Year's Eve they display immense fireworks all over Denmark, and it is not overdrawn to state that Copenhagen on that night, between ten

o'clock and one A. M., resembles the Fourth of July as that day was celebrated in earlier years. From every house are fired Chinese pistols, Skrubtudser (literally "toads," and in American slang known as "nigger-chasers"), sky-rockets, and diverse fireworks. When the clock strikes midnight the noise increases stupendously till it reaches its climax in an ear-splitting, thunderous bombardment. Thus the new year is "shot in," as the Danish saying goes.

When the clocks strike the midnight hour on the last day in December, pandemonium breaks loose. All people go out in the streets, and along the main thoroughfares there is a constant stream of pedestrians bent upon pranks and frolics. Some wear their coats inside out, others are dressed in gay carnival suits, but nearly all discharge fireworks and Chinese pistols. The rougher element is somewhat feared on that night, and hence the greater restaurants have their windows facing the street covered up with a strong framework of boards. I remember having seen some ultra-gay fellows go bath-

ing in the Storke-Springvand, one of the most popular fountains in the city, that boasts so many pretty fountains.

The next great holiday after Christmas is Lent, when all the boys carry masks and go around shaking a bank begging for money and afterwards have a meeting in the back-yard where they beat the cat in the barrel, an old custom, which, however, of late has been somewhat modified. The barrel is now filled with buns and is swinging freely, suspended from a rope. The boys now approach the barrel hitting it as hard as possible with their clubs till the staves are broken and contents come out.

On the king's birthday, which during my boyhood fell on the eighth of April, there was a school holiday, the city was decorated with multitudinous flags and on Gammel-torv (Old Market) the fountain exhibited the jumping gold-apples, the loyal people flocking around the basin watching the real gold balls dancing up and down, borne by the jets of water.

So, when you read about the jumping

gold-apples in Hans Andersen's fairy tales you will now know that this is something which is based upon fact.

THE STORK FOUNTAIN.

By many regarded as a blemish on the architectural beauty of Copenhagen. The Renaissance edifice back of it is associated with Christian II, who reigned, 1513-23. He was a king of the people, which so enraged the nobility that they dethroned and imprisoned him.

THE GEFION FOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER XI

GOOD-BYE, BOYHOOD!

And now I must leave you, for my journey across the years of my boyhood draws to its close. It was in the spring of '97, and all through the winter I had gone twice a week to the minister, Pastor Prior, to prepare for the confirmation. It is in Our Lady's Church (Lutheran), a monumental edifice, the lofty spire of which was burned during the English bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807. The two long rows along the main aisle are filled with some two hundred children, boys on one side, the girls on the opposite. Outside the church there are scores of landaus and coaches, for no one who can afford to ride would walk to church at such a celebration. The ceremony lasts some four long hours, each child being examined in turn. I was requested to render the Bible verse, beginning, "Consider the

lilies," by heart and recite a Psalm, and so was every one of the "Konfirmander." The celebration over, we drove home, where a rich dinner awaited us and the invited guests presented gifts to the "Konfirmand."

The days following confirmation, which takes place twice a year, in spring and autumn, the streets swarm with Konfirmander. And a very funny sight it surely must be to foreigners, for where else does one meet with so quaint dresses for boys and girls, most of whom have just reached their fourteenth year? The boy confirmant has donned long trousers, on the head he has a Derby or a specially-made cap, with a stiff patent-leather brim, in his hand he carries an umbrella, no matter whether it rains or the sky is cloudless. But the most conspicuous item in the boy's paraphernalia is the gigantic cigar-holder of amber and meerschaum, from which the boy vainly attempts to keep his first legal cigar aglow, for with the donning of his confirmation-suit he is allowed to take up smoking. In the wake of the Konfirmander, who mostly promenade in

pairs, one will see a school of sharks, made up of street-urchins and ragamuffins who prey on the proud Konfirmander, constantly addressing them with this entreaty: "Give me a penny, Konfirmand!" To which the Konfirmand with an air of haughty supremacy delves in his pockets and distributes among the sharks the coppers he has in readiness.

The girl confirmants are dressed in long skirts and carry a hymn-book under the arm.

But no matter how you feel about it or what profession or trade you are going to pursue, as soon as you have been confirmed you enter on a new period of life. You are no longer a child, and gone are the days of the irresponsible, blissful days, when your father and mother would shield you against the onslaughts of a blind fate. Now you have to stand at the helm yourself, and from that day you must be the captain of your soul, if not—what is impossible—the master of your fate.

Some few years after my confirmation I

was sitting at my room in Lindenaustrasse 34, Dresden, where my studies had taken me. It was a beautiful autumnal day drawing to its close. The air was crisp and spicy, as is common in late autumn when the leaves are falling and decaying. I opened the door that led out to the balcony and went out there. And while I sat there watching the sun set behind the railway station I fell to thinking of the bygone days. That afternoon I had strolled about in the surroundings of the city and had visited the place where Moreau, one of Napoleon's marshals, fell, mortally wounded by a cannon-ball. They have raised him a monument, and as I stood beholding this my mind was swept as if by a flood of old memories.

Thinking of bygone days has a sweet melancholy all its own; it lures up a thousand things that once were real but now are only shadows, which even memory cannot give life again, it calls forth a strong desire to embrace all the parted friends, and it fills the soul with a longing, vague and plaintive.

For the pathos of distance in space is

never felt so frightfully hopeless and heart-rending as the distance in time, since one can travel many thousand miles in any direction but not one second back in time. Yes, one bygone second opens an abyss behind us which nothing can span. We have left the land behind us to which we can never return save now and then in our dreams, or on the frail and languid wings of treacherous memory.

So when I closed the door behind me and went into my comfortable room I seated myself before my writing-desk, and my longing pressed the pen into my hand. That evening I wrote three letters. I addressed them to three of my most intimate schoolmates and mailed them the same night. And the burden of those three letters was: "What has become of our common friends? Where is Svend, and Hjalmar, and Ernst? Where Oluf, Andreas, and Valdemar? If you cannot answer the question please pass it along to some other chum of former days."

In due time three replies arrived. And they all told the same old story. The cluster

had disbanded, scattered to the four winds. One was in Kiachta, Siberia, employed by the Great Northern Telegraph Co.; another had pitched his tent in Chicago; a third had dropped anchor in Mexico, and one had gone as far as Australia. Like a handful of feathers, they had dispersed beyond the possibility of being ever gathered together again.

I had myself become one of the world-wanderers, fate taking me from Petrograd to Glasgow, and from Luxembourg to New York. Still I should meet one of the old ones while serving my military time.

But that night in Dresden thoughts as sad as death crept upon me. I knew that I had buried my past, that it had disappeared beyond recovery. And I bade my boyhood farewell: "Farewell forever, for we shall never meet again."

THE END

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